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HAMLET.

SHAKESPEARE.

1623.

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THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET,

Prince of Denmarke.

By

MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE:

The Text from the Folio of 1623;
with Notices of the known Editions preuiouſly iſſued.

LONDON.
Printed for L. Booth, 307 Regent Street, W. 1864.

LONDON:
Printed by *J. Strangeways* and *H. E. Walden*, 28 Caſtle Street,
Leiceſter Square.

822.33
S7
1864

THE TRAGEDIE OF

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark.

The Editions deſcribed below are thoſe, as far as known, which preceded the Folio of 1623.

THE Tragicall Hiſtorie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shake-ſpeare. As it hath beene diuerſe times acted by his Highneſſe ſeruants in the Cittie of London: as alſo in the two Vniuerſities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elſe-where. At London printed for N. L. and Iohn Trundell. 1603. 4to. 33 leaves.

Title. Text from ſig. B to ſig. I 4. Only two copies known.

THE Tragicall Hiſtorie of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakeſpeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At London. Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in Fleetſtreet. 1604. 4to. 51 leaves.

Title, ſig. B to O 2, erroneouſly printed G 2. 3 copies only known.

THE Tragicall Hiſtorie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmarke. By William Shakeſpeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. Printed by I. R. for N. L., and are to be ſold at his ſhoppe vnder Saint Dunſtons Church in Fleetſtreet. 1605. 4to. 51 leaves.*

Text ſig. B to O 2.

* Mr. Halliwell ſays this is identical with that of 1604, the date only being altered.

THE Tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke. Newly Imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy laſtly Printed. By William Shakeſpeare. Lond. Printed by W. S. for Iohn Smethwicke, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint Dunſtans Church-yard in Fleet ſtreet: Vnder the Diall. No date. 4to. 51 leaves.

The laſt page is ſig. N 3, verſo. No date.

ANOTHER edition, printed for Iohn Smethwicke. 1611. 4to. 51 leaves. Sig. B to O 2, excluſive of title.

*** *By the courteous permiſſion of* J. O. HALLIWELL, Eſq. F.R.S. &c., *and* H. G. BOHN, Eſq., *the above details have been obtained from the "Skeleton Hand-liſt of the Early Quarto Editions of the Plays of Shakeſpeare," and from Bohn's "Bibliographical Account of the Works of Shakeſpeare,"* 1864.

THE TRAGEDIE OF HAMLET, Prince of Denmarke.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Barnardo and Franciſco two Centinels.

Barnardo.

WHo's there?

Fran. Nay anſwer me: Stand & vnfold your ſelfe.

Bar. Long liue the King.

Fran. Barnardo?

Bar. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully vpon your houre.

Bar. 'Tis now ſtrook twelue, get thee to bed *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this releefe much thankes: 'Tis bitter cold, And I am ſicke at heart.

Barn. Haue you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouſe ſtirring.

Barn. Well, goodnight. If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*, the Riuals of my Watch, bid them make haſt.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I thinke I heare them. Stand: who's there?

Hor. Friends to this ground.

Mar. And Leige-men to the Dane.

Fran. Giue you good night.

Mar. O farwel honeſt Soldier, who hath relieu'd you?

Fra. Barnardo ha's my place: giue you goodnight. *Exit Fran.*

Mar. Holla *Barnardo.*

Bar. Say, what is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A peece of him.

Bar. Welcome *Horatio*, welcome good *Marcellus.*

Mar. What, ha's this thing appear'd againe to night.

Bar. I haue ſeene nothing.

Mar. Horatio ſaies, 'tis but our Fantaſie,
And will not let beleefe take hold of him
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeene of vs,
Therefore I haue intreated him along
With vs, to watch the minutes of this Night,
That if againe this Apparition come,
He may approue our eyes, and ſpeake to it.

Hor. Tuſh, tuſh, 'twill not appeare.

Bar. Sit downe a-while,
And let vs once againe aſſaile your eares,
That are ſo fortified againſt our Story,
What we two Nights haue ſeene.

Hor. Well, ſit we downe,
And let vs heare *Barnardo* ſpeake of this.

Barn. Laſt night of all,
When yond ſame Starre that's Weſtward from the Pole
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of Heauen
Where now it burnes, *Marcellus* and my ſelfe,
The Bell then beating one.

Mar. Peace, breake thee off: *Enter the Ghoſt.*
Looke where it comes againe.

Barn. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a Scholler; ſpeake to it *Horatio.*

Barn. Lookes it not like the King? Marke it *Horatio.*

Hora. Moſt like: It harrowes me with fear & wonder

Barn. It would be ſpoke too.

Mar. Queſtion it *Horatio.*

Hor. What art thou that vſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that Faire and Warlike forme
In which the Maieſty of buried Denmarke
Did ſometimes march: By Heauen I charge thee ſpeake.

Mar. It is offended.

Barn. See, it ſtalkes away.

Hor. Stay: ſpeake; ſpeake: I Charge thee, ſpeake. *Exit the Ghoſt.*

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Barn. How now *Horatio*? You tremble & look pale:
Is not this ſomething more then Fantaſie?
What thinke you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this beleeue
Without the ſenſible and true auouch
Of mine owne eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thy ſelfe,
Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th'Ambitious Norwey combatted:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle
He ſmot the ſledded Pollax on the Ice.
'Tis ſtrange.

Mar. Thus twice before, and iuſt at this dead houre,
With Martiall ſtalke, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But in the groſſe and ſcope of my Opinion,
This boades ſome ſtrange erruption to our State.

Mar. Good now ſit downe, & tell me he that knowes
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſeruant Watch,
So nightly toyles the ſubiect of the Land,
And why ſuch dayly Caſt of Brazon Cannon
And Forraigne Mart for Implements of warre:
Why ſuch impreſſe of Ship-wrights, whoſe ſore Taske
Do's not diuide the Sunday from the weeke,
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſt
Doth make the Night ioynt-Labourer with the day:
Who is't that can informe me?

Hor. That can I,

At leaſt the whiſper goes ſo : Our laſt King,
Whoſe Image euen but now appear'd to vs,
Was (as you know) by *Fortinbras* of Norway,
(Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate Pride)
Dar'd to the Combate. In which, our Valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our knowne world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras* : who by a Seal'd Compact,
Well ratified by Law, and Heraldrie,
Did forfeite (with his life) all thoſe his Lands
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd on, to the Conqueror :
Againſt the which, a Moity competent
Was gaged by our King : which had return'd
To the Inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he bin Vanquiſher, as by the ſame Cou'nant
And carriage of the Article deſigne,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now ſir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of vnimproued Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway, heere and there,
Shark'd vp a Liſt of Landleſſe Reſolutes,
For Foode and Diet, to ſome Enterprize
That hath a ſtomacke in't : which is no other
(And it doth well appeare vnto our State)
But to recouer of vs by ſtrong hand
And termes Compulſatiue, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his Father loſt : and this (I take it)
Is the maine Motiue of our Preparations,
The Sourſe of this our Watch, and the cheefe head
Of this poſt-haſt, and Romage in the Land.

Enter Ghoſt againe.

But ſoft, behold: Loe, where it comes againe :
Ile croſſe it, though it blaſt me. Stay Illuſion :
If thou haſt any ſound, or vſe of Voyce,
Speake to me. If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me ; ſpeak to me.
If thou art priuy to thy Countries Fate
(Which happily foreknowing may auoyd) Oh ſpeake.
Or, if thou haſt vp-hoorded in thy life
Extorted Treaſure in the wombe of Earth,
(For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walke in death)
Speake of it. Stay, and ſpeake. Stop it *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at ir with my Partizan ?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.

Barn. 'Tis heere.

Hor. 'Tis heere.

Mar. 'Tis gone. *Exit Ghoſt.*

We do it wrong, being ſo Maieſticall
To offer it the ſhew of Violence,
For it is as the Ayre, invulnerable,
And our vaine blowes, malicious Mockery.

Barn. It was about to ſpeake, when the Cocke crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted, like a guilty thing
Vpon a fearfull Summons. I haue heard,
The Cocke that is the Trumpet to the day,
Doth with' his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding Throate
Awake the God of Day : and at his warning,
Whether in Sea, or Fire, in Earth, or Ayre,
Th'extrauagant, and erring Spirit, hyes
To his Confine. And of the truth heerein,
This preſent Obiect made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the Cocke.
Some ſayes, that euer 'gainſt that Seaſon comes
Wherein our Sauiours Birth is celebrated,
The Bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long :
And then (they ſay) no Spirit can walke abroad,
The nights are wholſome, then no Planets ſtrike,
No Faiery talkes, nor Witch hath power to Charme :
So hallow'd, and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So haue I heard, and do in part beleeue it.
But looke, the Morne in Ruſſet mantle clad,
Walkes o're the dew of yon high Eaſterne Hill,
Breake we our Watch vp, and by my aduice
Let vs impart what we haue ſeene to night
Vnto yong *Hamlet*. For vpon my life,
This Spirit dumbe to vs, will ſpeake to him :
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needfull in our Loues, fitting our Duty ?

Mar. Let do't I pray, and I this morning know
Where we ſhall finde him moſt conueniently. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Claudius King of Denmarke, Gertrude the Queene, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, and his Siſter Ophelia, Lords Attendant.

King. Though yet of *Hamlet* our deere Brothers death
The memory be greene : and that it vs befitted
To beare our hearts in greefe, and our whole Kingdome
To be contracted in one brow of woe :
Yet ſo farre hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow thinke on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelues.
Therefore our ſometimes Siſter, now our Queen,
Th'Imperiall Ioyntreſſe of this warlike State,
Haue we, as 'twere, with a defeated ioy,
With one Auſpicious, and one Dropping eye,
With mirth in Funerall, and with Dirge in Marriage,
In equall Scale weighing Delight and Dole
Taken to Wife ; nor haue we heerein barr'd
Your better Wiſedomes, which haue freely gone
With this affaire along, for all our Thankes.
Now followes, that you know young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weake ſuppoſall of our worth ;
Or thinking by our late deere Brothers death,
Our State to be diſioynt, and out of Frame,
Colleagued with the dreame of his Aduantage ;
He hath not fayl'd to peſter vs with Meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his Father : with all Bonds of Law
To our moſt valiant Brother. *So* much for him.

Enter Voltemand and Cornelius.

Now for our ſelfe, and for this time of meeting
Thus much the buſineſſe is. We haue heere writ
To Norway, Vncle of young *Fortinbras*,
Who Impotent and Bedrid, ſcarſely heares
Of this his Nephewes purpoſe, to ſuppreſſe
His further gate heerein. In that the Leuies,
The Liſts, and full proportions are all made
Out of his ſubiect : and we heere diſpatch
You good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltemand*,
For bearing of this greeting to old Norway,
Giuing to you no further perſonall power
To buſineſſe with the King, more then the ſcope
Of theſe dilated Articles allow :
Farewell and let your haſt commend your duty.

Volt. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing, heartily farewell.

Exit Voltemand and Cornelius.

And now *Laertes*, what's the newes with you ?

You

You told vs of ſome ſuite. What is't *Laertes*?
You cannot ſpeake of Reaſon to the Dane,
And looſe your voyce. What would'ſt thou beg *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my Offer, not thy Asking?
The Head is not more Native to the Heart,
The Hand more Inſtrumentall to the Mouth,
Then is the Throne of Denmarke to thy Father.
What would'ſt thou haue *Laertes?*

Laer. Dread my Lord,
Your leaue and fauour to returne to France,
From whence, though willingly I came to Denmarke
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation,
Yet now I muſt confeſſe, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend againe towards France,
And bow them to your gracious leaue and pardon.

King. Haue you your Fathers leaue?
What ſayes *Pollonius*?

Pol. He hath my Lord|:
I do beſeech you giue him leaue to go.

King. Take thy faire houre *Laertes*, time be thine,
And thy beſt graces ſpend it at thy will:
But now my Coſin *Hamlet*, and my Sonne?

Ham. A little more then kin, and leſſe then kinde.

King. How is it that the Clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo my Lord, I am too much i'th'Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet* caſt thy nightly colour off,
And let thine eye looke like a Friend on Denmarke.
Do not for euer with thy veyled lids
Seeke for thy Noble Father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt 'tis common, all that liues muſt dye,
Paſſing through Nature, to Eternity.

Ham. I Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be;
Why ſeemes it ſo particular with thee.

Ham. Seemes Madam? Nay, it is: I know not Seemes:
'Tis not alone my Inky Cloake (good Mother)
Nor Cuſtomary ſuites of ſolemne Blacke,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitfull Riuer in the Eye,
Nor the deiected hauiour of the Viſage,
Together with all Formes, Moods, ſhewes of Griefe,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed Seeme,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I haue that Within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the Trappings, and the Suites of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable
In your Nature *Hamlet*,
To giue theſe mourning duties to your Father:
But you muſt know, your Father loſt a Father,
That Father loſt, loſt his, and the Suruiuer bound
In filiall Obligation, for ſome terme
To do obſequious Sorrow. But to perſeuer
In obſtinate Condolement, is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſſe. 'Tis vnmanly greefe,
It ſhewes a will moſt incorrect to Heauen,
A Heart vnfortified, a Minde impatient,
An Vnderſtanding ſimple, and vnſchool'd:
For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſence,
Why ſhould we in our peeuiſh Oppoſition
Take it to heart? Fye, 'tis a fault to Heauen,
A fault againſt the Dead, a fault to Nature,
To Reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common Theame
Is death of Fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt Coarſe, till he that dyed to day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you throw to earth
This vnpreuayling woe, and thinke of vs
As of a Father; For let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne,
And with no leſſe Nobility of Loue,
Then that which deereſt Father beares his Sonne,
Do I impart towards you. For your intent
In going backe to Schoole in Wittenberg,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remaine
Heere in the cheere and comfort of our eye,
Our cheefeſt Courtier Coſin, and our Sonne.

Qu. Let not thy Mother loſe her Prayers *Hamlet:*
I prythee ſtay with vs, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt
Obey you Madam.

King. Why 'tis a louing, and a faire Reply,
Be as our ſelfe in Denmarke. Madam come,
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No iocond health that Denmarke drinkes to day,
But the great Cannon to the Clowds ſhall tell,
And the Kings Rouce, the Heauens ſhall bruite againe,
Reſpeaking earthly Thunder. Come away. *Exeunt*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't? Oh fie, fie, 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteene the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe*, all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe.
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules*. Within a Moneth?
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to Inceſtuous ſheets:
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But breake my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Barnard, and Marcellus.

Hor. Haile to your Lordſhip.

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio, or I do forget my ſelfe.

Hor. The ſame my Lord,
And your poore Seruant euer.

Ham. Sir my good friend,
Ile change that name with you:
And what make you from Wittenberg *Horatio*?

Marcellus.
Mar. My good Lord.
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you: good euen Sir.
But what in faith make you from *Wittemberge?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my Lord.
Ham. I would not haue your Enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you doe mine eare that violence,
To make it truſter of your owne report
Againſt your ſelfe. I know you are no Truant:
But what is your affaire in *Elſenour?*
Wee'l teach you to drinke deepe, ere you depart.
Hor. My Lord, I came to ſee your Fathers Funerall.
Ham. I pray thee doe not mock me (fellow Student)
I thinke it was to ſee my Mothers Wedding.
Hor. Indeed my Lord, it followed hard vpon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift *Horatio:* the Funerall Bakt-meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the Marriage Tables;
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heauen,
Ere I had euer ſeene that day *Horatio.*
My father, me thinkes I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where my Lord?
Ham. In my minds eye (*Horatio*)
Hor. I ſaw him once; he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all:
I ſhall not look vpon his like againe.
Hor. My Lord, I thinke I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw? Who?
Hor. My Lord, the King your Father.
Ham. The King my Father?
Hor. Seaſon your admiration for a while
With an attent eare; till I may deliuer
Vpon the witneſſe of theſe Gentlemen,
This maruell to you.
Ham. For Heauens loue let me heare.
Hor. Two nights together, had theſe Gentlemen
(*Marcellus* and *Barnardo*) on their Watch
In the dead waſt and middle of the night
Beene thus encountred. A figure like your Father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap a Pe,*
Appeares before them, and with ſollemne march
Goes ſlow and ſtately: By them thrice he walkt,
By their oppreſt and feare-ſurprized eyes,
Within his Truncheons length; whilſt they beſtil'd
Almoſt to Ielly with the Act of feare,
Stand dumbe and ſpeake not to him. This to me
In dreadfull ſecrecie impart they did,
And I with them the third Night kept the Watch,
Whereas they had deliuer'd both in time,
Forme of the thing; each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your Father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My Lord, vpon the platforme where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeake to it?
Hor. My Lord, I did;
But anſwere made it none: yet once me thought
It lifted vp it head, and did addreſſe
It ſelfe to motion, like as it would ſpeake:
But euen then, the Morning Cocke crew lowd;
And at the ſound it ſhrunke in haſt away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I doe liue my honourd Lord 'tis true;
And we did thinke it writ downe in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed Sirs; but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to Night?
Both. We doe my Lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my Lord.
Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My Lord, from head to foote.
Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?
Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beauer vp.
Ham. What, lookt he frowningly?
Hor. A countenance more in ſorrow then in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes vpon you?
Hor. Moſt conſtantly.
Ham. I would I had beene there.
Hor. It would haue much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like, very like: ſtaid it long? (dred.
Hor. While one with moderate haſt might tell a hun-
All. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I ſaw't.
Ham. His Beard was griſly? no.
Hor. It was, as I haue ſeene it in his life,
A Sable Siluer'd. (gaine.
Ham. Ile watch to Night; perchance 'twill wake a-
Hor. I warrant you it will.
Ham. If it aſſume my noble Fathers perſon,
Ile ſpeake to it, though Hell it ſelfe ſhould gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you haue hitherto conceald this ſight;
Let it bee treble in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoeuer els ſhall hap to night,
Giue it an vnderſtanding but no tongue;
I will requite your loues; ſo, fare ye well:
Vpon the Platforme twixt eleuen and twelue,
Ile viſit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. *Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loue, as mine to you: farewell.
My Fathers Spirit in Armes? All is not well:
I doubt ſome foule play: would the Night were come;
Till then ſit ſtill my ſoule; foule deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth orewhelm them to mens eies. *Exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.
Laer. My neceſſaries are imbark't; Farewell:
And Siſter, as the Winds giue Benefit,
And Conuoy is aſſiſtant; doe not ſleepe,
But let me heare from you.
Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his fauours,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in Bloud;
A Violet in the youth of Primy Nature;
Froward, not permanent; ſweet not laſting
The ſuppliance of a minute? No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more:
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and Bulke: but as his Temple waxes,
The inward ſeruice of the Minde and Soule
Growes wide withall. Perhaps he loues you now,
And now no ſoyle nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his feare: but you muſt feare

His

His greatneſſe weigh'd, his will is not his owne;
For hee himſelfe is ſubiect to his Birth:
Hee may not, as vnuallued perſons doe,
Carue for himſelfe; for, on his choyce depends
The ſanctity and health of the weole State.
And therefore muſt his choyce be circumſcrib'd
Vnto the voyce and yeelding of that Body,
Whereof he is the Head. Then if he ſayes he loues you,
It fits your wiſedome ſo farre to beleeue it;
As he in his peculiar Sect and force
May giue his ſaying deed: which is no further,
Then the maine voyce of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your Honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his Songs;
Or loſe your Heart; or your chaſt Treaſure open
To his vnmaſtred importunity.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare Siſter,
And keepe within the reare of your Affection;
Out of the ſhot and danger of Deſire.
The charieſt Maid is Prodigall enough,
If ſhe vnmaske her beauty to the Moone:
Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtroakes,
The Canker Galls, the Infants of the Spring
Too oft before the buttons be diſclos'd,
And in the Morne and liquid dew of Youth,
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in feare;
Youth to it ſelfe rebels, though none elſe neere.
Ophe. I ſhall th'effect of this good Leſſon keepe,
As watchmen to my heart: but good my Brother
Doe not as ſome vngracious Paſtors doe,
Shew me the ſteepe and thorny way to Heauen;
Whilſt like a puft and reckleſſe Libertine
Himſelfe, the Primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And reaks not his owne reade.
Laer. Oh, feare me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; but here my Father comes:
A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles vpon a ſecond leaue.
Polon. Yet heere *Laertes?* Aboord, aboord for ſhame,
The winde ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſaile,
And you are ſtaid for there: my bleſſing with you;
And theſe few Precepts in thy memory,
See thou Character. Giue thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each vnhatch't, vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous cheff in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell: my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee.
Laer. Moſt humbly doe I take my leaue, my Lord.
Polon. The time inuites you, goe, your ſeruants tend.
Laer. Farewell *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I haue ſaid to you.
Ophe. Tis in my memory lockt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall keepe the key of it.
Laer. Farewell. *Exit Laer.*
Polon. What iſt *Ophelia* he hath ſaid to you?
Ophe. So pleaſe you, ſomthing touching the L. *Hamlet.*
Polon. Marry, well bethought:
Tis told me he hath very oft of late
Giuen priuate time to you; and you your ſelfe
Haue of your audience beene moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, as ſo tis put on me;
And that in way of caution: I muſt tell you,
You doe not vnderſtand your ſelfe ſo cleerely,
As it behoues my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is betweene you, giue me vp the truth?
Ophe. He hath my Lord of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Polon. Affection, puh. You ſpeake like a greene Girle,
Vnſifted in ſuch perillous Circumſtance.
Doe you beleeue his tenders, as you call them?
Ophe. I do not know, my Lord, what I ſhould thinke.
Polon. Marry Ile teach you; thinke your ſelfe a Baby,
That you haue tane his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſtarling. Tender your ſelfe more dearly;
Or not to crack the winde of the poore Phraſe,
Roaming it thus, you'l tender me a foole.
Ophe. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with loue,
In honourable faſhion.
Polon. I, faſhion you may call it, go too, go too.
Ophe. And hath giuen countenance to his ſpeech,
My Lord, with all the vowes of Heauen.
Polon. I, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I doe know
When the Bloud burnes, how Prodigall the Soule
Giues the tongue vowes: theſe blazes, Daughter,
Giuing more light then heate; extinct in both,
Euen in their promiſe, as it is a making;
You muſt not take for fire. For this time Daughter,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your Maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate,
Then a command to parley. For Lord *Hamlet*,
Beleeue ſo much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walke,
Then may be giuen you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Doe not beleeue his vowes; for they are Broakers,
Not of the eye, which their Inueſtments ſhow:
But meere implorators of vnholy Sutes,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plaine tearmes, from this time forth,
Haue you ſo ſlander any moment leiſure,
As to giue words or talke with the Lord *Hamlet*:
Looke too't, I charge you; come your wayes.
Ophe. I ſhall obey my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus.

Ham. The Ayre bites ſhrewdly: is it very cold?
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager ayre.
Ham. What hower now?
Hor. I thinke it lacks of twelue.
Mar. No, it is ſtrooke. (ſeaſon,
Hor. Indeed I heard it not: then it drawes neere the
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walke.

What

What does this meane my Lord? (rouſe,
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his
Keepes waſſels and the ſwaggering vpſpring reeles,
And as he dreines his draughts of Reniſh downe,
The kettle Drum and Trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his Pledge.
Horat. Is it a cuſtome?
Ham. I marry iſt;
And to my mind, though I am natiue heere,
And to the manner borne: It is a Cuſtome
More honour'd in the breach, then the obſeruance.
Enter Ghoſt.
Hor. Looke my Lord, it comes.
Ham. Angels and Miniſters of Grace defend vs:
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee ayres from Heauen, or blaſts from Hell,
Be thy euents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape
That I will ſpeake to thee. Ile call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royall Dane: Oh, oh, anſwer me,
Let me not burſt in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy Canoniz'd bones Hearſed in death,
Haue burſt their cerments, why the Sepulcher
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly enurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and Marble iawes,
To caſt thee vp againe? What may this meane?
That thou dead Coarſe againe in compleat ſteele,
Reuiſits thus the glimpſes of the Moone,
Making Night hidious? And we fooles of Nature,
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition,
With thoughts beyond thee; reaches of our Soules,
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we doe?
Ghoſt beckens Hamlet.
Hor. It beckons you to goe away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.
Mar. Looke with what courteous action
It wafts you to a more remoued ground:
But doe not goe with it.
Hor. No, by no meanes.
Ham. It will not ſpeake: then will I follow it.
Hor. Doe not my Lord.
Ham. Why, what ſhould be the feare?
I doe not ſet my life at a pins fee;
And for my Soule, what can it doe to that?
Being a thing immortall as it ſelfe:
It waues me forth againe; Ile follow it.
Hor. What if it tempt you toward the Floud my Lord?
Or to the dreadfull Sonnet of the Cliffe,
That beetles o're his baſe into the Sea,
And there aſſumes ſome other horrible forme,
Which might depriue your Soueraignty of Reaſon,
And draw you into madneſſe thinke of it?
Ham. It wafts me ſtill: goe on, Ile follow thee.
Mar. You ſhall not goe my Lord.
Ham. Hold off your hand.
Hor. Be rul'd, you ſhall not goe.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty Artire in this body,
As hardy as the Nemian Lions nerue:
Still am I cal'd? Vnhand me Gentlemen:
By Heau'n, Ile make a Ghoſt of him that lets me:
I ſay away, goe on, Ile follow thee.
Exeunt Ghoſt & Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes deſperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Haue after, to what iſſue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the State of Denmarke.
Hor. Heauen will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. *Exeunt.*
Enter Ghoſt and Hamlet. (ther.
Ham: Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; Ile go no fur-
Gho. Marke me.
Ham. I will.
Gho. My hower is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting Flames
Muſt render vp my ſelfe.
Ham. Alas poore Ghoſt.
Gho. Pitty me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall vnfold.
Ham. Speake, I am bound to heare.
Gho. So art thou to reuenge, when thou ſhalt heare.
Ham. What?
Gho. I am thy Fathers Spirit,
Doom'd for a certaine terme to walke the night;
And for the day confin'd to faſt in Fiers,
Till the foule crimes done in my dayes of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away? But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my Priſon-Houſe;
I could a Tale vnfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow vp thy ſoule, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like Starres, ſtart from their Spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular haire to ſtand an end,
Like Quilles vpon the fretfull Porpentine:
But this eternall blaſon muſt not be
To eares of fleſh and bloud; liſt *Hamlet*, oh liſt,
If thou didſt euer thy deare Father loue.
Ham. Oh Heauen!
Gho. Reuenge his foule and moſt vnnaturall Murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foule, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foule, ſtrange, and vnnaturall.
Ham. Haſt, haſt me to know it,
That with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of Loue,
May ſweepe to my Reuenge.
Ghoſt. I finde thee apt,
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be then the fat weede
That rots it ſelfe in eaſe, on Lethe Wharfe,
Would'ſt thou not ſtirre in this. Now *Hamlet* heare:
It's giuen out, that ſleeping in mine Orchard,
A Serpent ſtung me: ſo the whole eare of Denmarke,
Is by a forged proceſſe of my death
Rankly abus'd: But know thou Noble youth,
The Serpent that did ſting thy Fathers liſe,
Now weares his Crowne.
Ham. O my Propheticke ſoule: mine Vncle?
Ghoſt. I that inceſtuous, that adulterate Beaſt
With witchcraft of his wits, hath Traitorous guifts.
Oh wicked Wit, and Gifts, that haue the power
So to ſeduce? Won to to this ſhamefull Luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming vertuous Queene:
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there,
From me, whoſe loue was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand, euen with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage; and to decline
Vpon a wretch, whoſe Naturall gifts were poore
To thoſe of mine. But Vertue, as it neuer wil be moued,
Though Lewdneſſe court it in a ſhape of Heauen:
So Luſt, though to a radiant Angell link'd,
Will fate it ſelfe in a Celeſtiall bed, & prey on Garbage.
But

But ſoft, me thinkes I ſent the Mornings Ayre;
Briefe let me be : Sleeping within mine Orchard,
My cuſtome alwayes in the afternoone;
Vpon my ſecure hower thy Vncle ſtole
With iuyce of curſed Hebenon in a Violl,
And in the Porches of mine eares did poure
The leaperous Diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with bloud of Man,
That ſwift as Quick-ſiluer, it courſes through
The naturall Gates and Allies of the Body;
And with a ſodaine vigour it doth poſſet
And curd, like Aygre droppings into Milke,
The thin and wholſome blood : ſo did it mine ;
And a moſt inſtant Tetter bak'd about,
Moſt Lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth Body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a Brothers hand,
Of Life, of Crowne, and Queene at once diſpatcht;
Cut off euen in the Bloſſomes of my Sinne,
Vnhouzzled, diſappointed, vnnaneld,
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head;
Oh horrible, Oh horrible, moſt horrible:
If thou haſt nature in thee beare it not;
Let not the Royall Bed of Denmarke be
A Couch for Luxury and damned Inceſt.
But howſoeuer thou purſueſt this Act,
Taint not thy mind ; nor let thy Soule contriue
Againſt thy Mother ought; leaue her to heauen ,
And to thoſe Thornes that in her boſome lodge,
To pricke and ſting her. Fare thee well at once;
The Glow-worme ſhowes the Matine to be neere,
And gins to pale his vneffectuall Fire:
Adue, adue, *Hamlet :* remember me. *Exit.*

Ham. Oh all you hoſt of Heauen ! Oh Earth; what els?
And ſhall I couple Hell ? Oh fie : hold my heart;
And you my ſinnewes, grow not inſtant Old;
But beare me ſtiffely vp: Remember thee ?
I, thou poore Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeate
In this diſtracted Globe : Remember thee ?
Yea, from the Table of my Memory,
Ile wipe away all triuiall fond Records,
All ſawes of Bookes, all formes, all preſures paſt,
That youth and obſeruation coppied there;
And thy Commandment all alone ſhall liue
Within the Booke and Volume of my Braine,
Vnmixt with baſer matter; yes, yes, by Heauen :
Oh moſt pernicious woman !
Oh Villaine, Villaine, ſmiling damned Villaine !
My Tables, my Tables; meet it is I ſet it downe,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile and be a Villaine;
At leaſt I'm ſure it may be ſo in Denmarke ;
So Vnckle there you are : now to my word;
It is; Adue, Adue, Remember me : I haue ſworn't.

Hor. & Mar. within. My Lord, my Lord.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. Lord *Hamlet*.
Hor. Heauen ſecure him.
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my Lord.
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come bird, come.
Mar. How iſt't my Noble Lord ?
Hor. What newes, my Lord?
Ham. Oh wonderfull !
Hor. Good my Lord tell it.
Ham. No you'l reueale it.
Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heauen.
Mar. Nor I, my Lord. (think it?
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once
But you'l be ſecret?
Both. I, by Heau'n, my Lord.
Ham. There's nere a villaine dwelling in all Denmarke
But hee's an arrant knaue.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt my Lord, come from the
Graue, to tell vs this.
Ham. Why right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſines and deſires ſhall point you :
For euery man ha's buſineſſe and deſire,
Such as it is : and for mine owne poore part,
Looke you, Ile goe pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and hurling words, my Lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you heartily :
Yes faith, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence my Lord.
Ham. Yes, by Saint *Patricke*, but there is my Lord,
And much offence too, touching this Viſion heere :
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you :
For your deſire to know what is betweene vs,
O'remaſter't as you may. And now good friends,
As you are Friends, Schollers and Soldiers,
Giue me one poore requeſt.
Hor. What is't my Lord? we will.
Ham. Neuer make known what you haue ſeen to night.
Both. My Lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.
Hor. Infaith my Lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I my Lord : in faith.
Ham. Vpon my ſword.
Marcell. We haue ſworne my Lord already.
Ham. Indeed, vpon my ſword, Indeed.
Gho. Sweare. *Ghoſt cries vnder the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha boy, ſayeſt thou ſo. Art thou there true-
penny ? Come one you here this fellow in the ſelleredge
Conſent to ſweare.
Hor. Propoſe the Oath my Lord.
Ham. Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue ſeene.
Sweare by my ſword.
Gho. Sweare.
Ham. Hic & vbique? Then wee'l ſhift for grownd,
Come hither Gentlemen,
And lay your hands againe vpon my ſword,
Neuer to ſpeake of this that you haue heard:
Sweare by my Sword.
Gho. Sweare. (faſt?
Ham. Well ſaid old Mole, can'ſt worke i'th' ground ſo
A worthy Pioner, once more remoue good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night: but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger giue it welcome.
There are more things in Heauen and Earth, *Horatio*,
Then are dream't of in our Philoſophy But come,
Here as before, neuer ſo helpe you mercy,
How ſtrange or odde ſo ere I beare my ſelfe;
(As I perchance heereafter ſhall thinke meet
To put an Anticke diſpoſition on :)
That you at ſuch time ſeeing me, neuer ſhall
With Armes encombred thus, or thus, head ſhake;
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtfull Phraſe;
As well, we know, or we could and if we would,
Or if we liſt to ſpeake ; or there be and if there might,
Or ſuch ambiguous giuing out to note,

That

That you know ought of me; this not to doe:
So grace and mercy at your moſt neede helpe you:
Sweare.
Ghoſt. Sweare.
Ham. Reſt, reſt perturbed Spirit: ſo Gentlemen,
With all my loue I doe commend me to you;
And what ſo poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expreſſe his loue and friending to you,
God willing ſhall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lippes I pray,
The time is out of ioynt: Oh curſed ſpight,
That euer I was borne to ſet it right.
Nay, come let's goe together. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Polonius, and Reynoldo.
Polon. Giue him his money, and theſe notes *Reynoldo.*
Reynol. I will my Lord.
Polon. You ſhall doe maruels wiſely: good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſite him you make inquiry
Of his behauiour.
Reynol. My Lord, I did intend it.
Polon. Marry, well ſaid;
Very well ſaid. Looke you Sir,
Enquire me firſt what Danskers are in Paris;
And how, and who; what meanes; and where they keepe:
What company, at what expence: and finding
By this encompaſſement and drift of queſtion,
That they doe know my ſonne: Come you more neerer
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
And thus I know his father and his friends,
And in part him. Doe you marke this *Reynoldo?*
Reynol. I, very well my Lord.
Polon. And in part him, but you may ſay not well;
But if't be hee I meane, hees very wilde;
Addicted ſo and ſo; and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe: marry, none ſo ranke,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that:
But Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and vſuall ſlips,
As are Companions noted and moſt knowne
To youth and liberty.
Reynol. As gaming my Lord.
Polon. I, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarelling, drabbiug. You may goe ſo farre.
Reynol. My Lord that would diſhonour him.
Polon. Faith no, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandall on him,
That hee is open to Incontinencie;
That's not my meaning: but breath his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeeme the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-breake of a fiery minde,
A ſauagenes in vnreclaim'd bloud of generall aſſault.
Reynol. But my good Lord.
Polon. Wherefore ſhould you doe this?
Reynol. I my Lord, I would know that.
Polon. Marry Sir, heere's my drift,
And I belieue it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying theſe ſlight ſulleyes on my Sonne,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'th' working: (found,
Marke you your party in conuerſe; him you would
Hauing euer ſeene. In the prenominate crimes,
The youth you breath of guilty, be aſſur'd
He cloſes with you in this conſequence:
Good ſir, or ſo, or friend, or Gentleman.
According to the Phraſe and the Addition,
Of man and Country.
Reynol. Very good my Lord.
Polon. And then Sir does he this?
He does: what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomthing: where did I leaue?
Reynol. At cloſes in the conſequence:
At friend, or ſo, and Gentleman.
Polon. At cloſes in the conſequence, I marry,
He cloſes with you thus. I know the Gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or tother day;
Or then or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'retooke in's Rouſe,
There falling out at Tennis; or perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſaile;
Videlicet, a Brothell, or ſo forth. See you now;
Your bait of falſhood, takes this Cape of truth;
And thus doe we of wiſedome and of reach
With windleſſes, and with aſſaies of Bias,
By indirections finde directions out:
So by my former Lecture and aduice
Shall you my Sonne; you haue me, haue you not?
Reynol. My Lord I haue.
Polon. God buy you; fare you well.
Reynol. Good my Lord.
Polon. Obſerue his inclination in your ſelfe.
Reynol. I ſhall my Lord.
Polon. And let him plye his Muſicke.
Reynol. Well, my Lord. *Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.
Polon. Farewell:
How now *Ophelia,* what's the matter?
Ophe. Alas my Lord, I haue beene ſo affrighted.
Polon. With what, in the name of Heauen?
Ophe. My Lord, as I was ſowing in my Chamber,
Lord *Hamlet* with his doublet all vnbrac'd,
No hat vpon his head, his ſtockings foul'd,
Vngartred, and downe giued to his Anckle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a looke ſo pitious in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeake of horrors: he comes before me.
Polon. Mad for thy Loue?
Ophe. My Lord, I doe not know: but truly I do feare it.
Polon. What ſaid he?
Ophe. He tooke me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arme;
And with his other hand thus o're his brow,
He fals to ſuch peruſall of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo,
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine Arme:
And thrice his head thus wauing vp and downe;
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo pittious and profound,
That it did ſeeme to ſhatter all his bulke,
And end his being. That done, he lets me goe,
And with his head ouer his ſhoulders turn'd,
He ſeem'd to finde his way without his eyes,
For out adores he went without their helpe;
And to the laſt, bended their light on me.
Polon. Goe with me, I will goe ſeeke the King,
This is the very extaſie of Loue,
Whoſe violent property foredoes it ſelfe,

And

And leads the will to deſperate Vndertakings,
As oft as any paſſion vnder Heauen,
That does afflict our Natures. I am ſorrie,
What haue you giuen him any hard words of late?

Ophe. No my good Lord: but as you did command,
I did repell his Letters, and deny'de
His acceſſe to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorrie that with better ſpeed and iudgement
I had not quoted him. I feare he did but trifle,
And meant to wracke thee: but beſhrew my iealouſie:
It ſeemes it is as proper to our Age,
To caſt beyond our ſelues in our Opinions,
As it is common for the yonger ſort
To lacke diſcretion. Come, go we to the King,
This muſt be knowne, w^ch being kept cloſe might moue
More greefe to hide, then hate to vtter loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Queene, Roſincrane, and Guildenſterne Cumalys.

King. Welcome deere *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne.*
Moreouer, that we much did long to ſee you,
The neede we haue to vſe you, did prouoke
Our haſtie ſending. Something haue you heard
Of *Hamlets* transformation: ſo I call it,
Since not th'exterior, nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was. What it ſhould bee
More then his Fathers death, that thus hath put him
So much from th'vnderſtanding of himſelfe,
I cannot deeme of. I intreat you both,
That being of ſo young dayes brought vp with him:
And ſince ſo Neighbour'd to his youth, and humour,
That you vouchſafe your reſt heere in our Court
Some little time: ſo by your Companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather
So much as from Occaſions you may gleane,
That open'd lies within our remedie.

Qu. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you,
And ſure I am, two men there are not liuing,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew vs ſo much Gentrie, and good will,
As to expend your time with vs a-while,
For the ſupply and profit of our Hope,
Your Viſitation ſhall receiue ſuch thankes
As fits a Kings remembrance.

Roſin. Both your Maieſties
Might by the Soueraigne power you haue of vs,
Put your dread pleaſures, more into Command
Then to Entreatie.

Guil. We both obey,
And here giue vp our ſelues, in the full bent,
To lay our Seruices freely at your feete,
To be commanded.

King. Thankes *Roſincrance*, and gentle *Guildenſterne.*

Qu. Thankes *Guildenſterne* and gentle *Roſincrance.*
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed Sonne.
Go ſome of ye,
And bring the Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heauens make our preſence and our practiſes
Pleaſant and helpfull to him. *Exit.*

Queene. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th'Ambaſſadors from Norwey, my good Lord,
Are ioyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt bin the Father of good Newes.

Pol. Haue I, my Lord? Aſſure you, my good Liege,
I hold my dutie, as I hold my Soule,
Both to my God, one to my gracious King:
And I do thinke, or elſe this braine of mine
Hunts not the traile of Policie, ſo ſure
As I haue vs'd to do: that I haue found
The very cauſe of *Hamlets* Lunacie.

King. Oh ſpeake of that, that I do long to heare.

Pol. Giue firſt admittance to th'Ambaſſadors,
My Newes ſhall be the Newes to that great Feaſt.

King. Thy ſelfe do grace to them, and bring them in.
He tels me my ſweet Queene, that he hath found
The head and ſourſe of all your Sonnes diſtemper.

Qu. I doubt it is no other, but the maine,
His Fathers death, and our o're-haſty Marriage.

Enter Polonius, Voltumand, and Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. Welcome good Frends:
Say *Voltumand*, what from our Brother Norwey?

Volt. Moſt faire returne of Greetings, and Deſires.
Vpon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſſe
His Nephewes Leuies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Poleak:
But better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſſe, whereat greeued,]
That ſo his Sickneſſe, Age, and Impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*, which he (in breefe) obeyes,
Receiues rebuke from Norwey: and in fine,
Makes Vow before his Vnkle, neuer more
To giue th'aſſay of Armes againſt your Maieſtie.
Whereon old Norwey, ouercome with ioy,
Giues him three thouſand Crownes in Annuall Fee,
And his Commiſſion to imploy thoſe Soldiers
So leuied as before, againſt the Poleak:
With an intreaty heerein further ſhewne,
That it might pleaſe you to giue quiet paſſe
Through your Dominions, for his Enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet downe.

King. It likes vs well:
And at our more conſider'd time wee'l read,
Anſwer, and thinke vpon this Buſineſſe.
Meane time we thanke you, for your well-tooke Labour.
Go to your reſt, at night wee'l Feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home. *Exit Ambaſſ.*

Pol. This buſineſſe is very well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate
What Maieſtie ſhould be, what Dutie is,
Why day is day; night, night; and time is time.
Were nothing but to waſte Night, Day, and Time.
Therefore, ſince Breuitie is the Soule of Wit,
And tediouſneſſe, the limbes and outward flouriſhes,
I will be breefe. Your Noble Sonne is mad:
Mad call I it; for to define true Madneſſe,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad.
But let that go.

Qu. More matter, with leſſe Art.

Pol. Madam, I ſweare I vſe no Art at all:
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'Tis true 'tis pittie,
And pittie it is true: A fooliſh figure,
But farewell it: for I will vſe no Art.

Mad let vs grant him then : and now remaines
That we finde out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect defectiue, comes by cauſe,
Thus it remaines, and the remainder thus. Perpend,
I haue a daughter : haue, whil'ſt ſhe is mine,
Who in her Dutie and Obedience, marke,
Hath giuen me this : now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The Letter.

To the Celeſtiall, and my Soules Idoll, the moſt beautified Ophelia.

That's an ill Phraſe, a vilde Phraſe, beautified is a vilde Phraſe : but you ſhall heare theſe in her excellent white boſome, theſe.

Qu. Came this from *Hamlet* to her.

Pol. Good Madam ſtay awhile, I will be faithfull.

Doubt thou, the Starres are fire,
Doubt, that the Sunne doth moue :
Doubt Truth to be a Lier,
But neuer Doubt, I loue.
O deere Ophelia, I am ill at theſe Numbers: I haue not Art to reckon my grones; but that I loue thee beſt, oh moſt Beſt beleeue it. Adieu.

Thine euermore moſt deere Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my daughter ſhew'd me :
And more aboue hath his ſoliciting,
As they fell out by Time, by Meanes, and Place,
All giuen to mine eare.

King. But how hath ſhe receiu'd his Loue?

Pol. What do you thinke of me ?

King. As of a man, faithfull and Honourable.

Pol. I wold faine proue ſo. But what might you think ?
When I had ſeene this hot loue on the wing,
As I perceiued it, I muſt tell you that
Before my Daughter told me, what might you
Or my deere Maieſtie your Queene heere, think,
If I had playd the Deske or Table-booke,
Or giuen my heart a winking, mute and dumbe,
Or look'd vpon this Loue, with idle ſight,
What might you thinke ? No, I went round to worke,
And (my yong Miſtris) thus I did beſpeake
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy Starre,
This muſt not be : and then, I Precepts gaue her,
That ſhe ſhould locke her ſelfe from his Reſort,
Admit no Meſſengers, receiue no Tokens :
Which done, ſhe tooke the Fruites of my Aduice,
And he repulſed. A ſhort Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadneſſe, then into a Faſt,
Thence to a Watch, thence into a Weakneſſe,
Thence to a Lightneſſe, and by this declenſion
Into the Madneſſe whereon now he raues,
And all we waile for.

King. Do you thinke 'tis this?

Qu. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there bene ſuch a time, I'de fain know that,
That I haue poſitiuely ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prou'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this; if this be otherwiſe,
If Circumſtances leade me, I will finde
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeede
Within the Center.

King. How may we try it further ?

Pol. You know ſometimes
He walkes foure houres together, heere
In the Lobby.

Qu. So he ha's indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time Ile looſe my Daughter to him,
Be you and I behinde an Arras then,
Marke the encounter : If he loue her not,
And be not from his reaſon falne thereon ;
Let me be no Aſſiſtant for a State,
And keepe a Farme and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading on a Booke.

Qu. But looke where ſadly the poore wretch
Comes reading.

Pol. Away I do beſeech you, both away,
Ile board him preſently. *Exit King & Queen.*
Oh giue me leaue. How does my good Lord *Hamlet* ?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord ?

Ham. Excellent, excellent well : y'are a Fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes, is to bee one man pick'd out of two thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breed Magots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing Carrion———
Haue you a daughter ?

Pol. I haue my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th'Sunne : Conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceiue. Friend looke too't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid I was a Fiſhmonger : he is farre gone, farre gone : and truly in my youth, I ſuffred much extreamity for loue : very neere this. Ile ſpeake to him againe. What do you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my Lord ?

Ham. Betweene who ?

Pol. I meane the matter you meane, my Lord.

Ham. Slanders Sir : for the Satyricall ſlaue ſaies here, that old men haue gray Beards; that their faces are wrinkled : their eyes purging thicke Amber, or Plum-Tree Gumme : and that they haue a plentifull locke of Wit, together with weake Hammes. All which Sir, though I moſt powerfully, and potently beleeue ; yet I holde it not Honeſtie to haue it thus ſet downe : For you your ſelfe Sir, ſhould be old as I am, if like a Crab you could go backward.

Pol, Though this be madneſſe,
Yet there is Method in't : will you walke
Out of the ayre my Lord ?

Ham. Into my Graue ?

Pol. Indeed that is out o'th'Ayre :
How pregnant (ſometimes) his Replies are ?
A happineſſe,
That often Madneſſe hits on,
Which Reaſon and Sanitie could not
So proſperouſly be deliuer'd of.
I will leaue him,
And ſodainely contriue the meanes of meeting
Betweene him, and my daughter.
My Honourable Lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leaue of you.

Ham

Ham. You cannot Sir take from me any thing, that I will more willingly part withall, except my life, my life.

Polon. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Polon. You goe to ſeeke my Lord *Hamlet*; there hee is.

Enter Roſincran and Guildenſterne.

Roſin. God ſaue you Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd Lord?

Roſin. My moſt deare Lord?

Ham. My excellent good friends? How do'ſt thou *Guilderſterne*? Oh, *Roſincrane*; good Lads: How doe ye both?

Roſin. As the indifferent Children of the earth.

Guild. Happy, in that we are not ouer-happy: on Fortunes Cap, we are not the very Button.

Ham. Nor the Soales of her Shoo?

Roſin. Neither my Lord.

Ham. Then you liue about her waſte, or in the middle of her fauour?

Guil. Faith, her priuates, we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of Fortune? Oh, moſt true: ſhe is a Strumpet. What's the newes?

Roſin. None my Lord; but that the World's growne honeſt.

Ham. Then is Doomeſday neere: But your newes is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what haue you my good friends, deſerued at the hands of Fortune, that ſhe ſends you to Priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my Lord?

Ham. Denmark's a Priſon.

Roſin. Then is the World one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many Confines, Wards, and Dungeons; *Denmarke* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſin. We thinke not ſo my Lord,

Ham. Why then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Roſin. Why then your Ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your minde.

Ham. O God, I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count my ſelfe a King of infinite ſpace; were it not that I haue bad dreames.

Guil. Which dreames indeed are Ambition: for the very ſubſtance of the Ambitious, is meerely the ſhadow of a Dreame.

Ham. A dreame it ſelfe is but a ſhadow.

Roſin. Truely, and I hold Ambition of ſo ayry and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadowes ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our Beggers bodies; and our Monarchs and out-ſtretcht Heroes the Beggers Shadowes: ſhall wee to th' Court: for, by my fey I cannot reaſon?

Both. Wee'l wait vpon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſeruants: for to ſpeake to you like an honeſt man: I am moſt dreadfully attended; but in the beaten way of friendſhip. What make you at *Elſonower*?

Roſin. To viſit you my Lord, no other occaſion.

Ham. Begger that I am, I am euen poore in thankes; but I thanke you: and ſure deare friends my thanks are too deare a halfepeny; were you not ſent for? Is it your owne inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, deale iuſtly with me: come, come; nay ſpeake.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay my Lord?

Ham. Why any thing. But to the purpoſe; you were ſent for; and there is a kinde confeſſion in your lookes; which your modeſties haue not craft enough to color, I know the good King & Queene haue ſent for you.

Roſin. To what end my Lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me: but let mee coniure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the Obligation of our euer-preſerued loue, and by what more deare, a better propoſer could charge you withall; be euen and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no.

Roſin. What ſay you?

Ham. Nay then I haue an eye of you: if you loue me hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation preuent your diſcouery of your ſecricie to the King and Queene: moult no feather, I haue of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo heauenly with my diſpoſition; that this goodly frame the Earth, ſeemes to me a ſterrill Promontory; this moſt excellent Canopy the Ayre, look you, this braue ore-hanging, this Maieſticall Roofe, fretted with golden fire: why, it appeares no other thing to mee, then a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of worke is a man! how Noble in Reaſon? how infinite in faculty? in forme and mouing how expreſſe and admirable? in Action, how like an Angel? in apprehenſion, how like a God? the beauty of the world, the Parragon of Animals; and yet to me, what is this Quinteſſence of Duſt? Man delights not me; no, nor Woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſin. My Lord, there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, Man delights not me?

Roſin. To thinke, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenton entertainment the Players ſhall receiue from you: wee coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you Seruice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome; his Maieſty ſhall haue Tribute of mee: the aduenturous Knight ſhal vſe his Foyle and Target: the Louer ſhall not ſigh *gratis*, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the Clowne ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled a'th' ſere: and the Lady ſhall ſay her minde freely; or the blanke Verſe ſhall halt for't: what Players are they?

Roſin. Euen thoſe you were wont to take delight in the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they trauaile? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſin. I thinke their Inhibition comes by the meanes of the late Innouation?

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City? Are they ſo follow'd?

Roſin. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? doe they grow ruſty?

Roſin. Nay, their indeauour keepes in the wonted pace; But there is Sir an ayrie of Children, little Yaſes, that crye out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clap't for't: theſe are now the

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fashion, and so be-ratled the common Stages (so they call them) that many wearing Rapiers, are affraide of Goose-quils, and dare scarse come thither.

Ham. What are they Children? Who maintains 'em? How are they escoted? Will they pursue the Quality no longer then they can sing? Will they not say afterwards if they should grow themselues to common Players (as it is like most if their meanes are not better) their Writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their owne Succession.

Rosin. Faith there ha's bene much to do on both sides: and the Nation holds it no sinne, to tarre them to Controuersie. There was for a while, no mony bid for argument, vnlesse the Poet and the Player went to Cuffes in the Question.

Ham. Is't possible?

Guild. Oh there ha's beene much throwing about of Braines.

Ham, Do the Boyes carry it away?

Rosin. I that they do my Lord, *Hercules* & his load too.

Ham. It is not strange: for mine Vnckle is King of Denmarke, and those that would make mowes at him while my Father liued; giue twenty, forty, an hundred Ducates a peece, for his picture in Little. There is something in this more then Naturall, if Philosophie could finde it out.

Flourish for the Players.

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcom to *Elsonower*: your hands, come: The appurtenance of Welcome, is Fashion and Ceremony. Let me comply with you in the Garbe, lest my extent to the Players (which I tell you must shew fairely outward) should more appeare like entertainment then yours. You are welcome: but my Vnckle Father, and Aunt Mother are deceiu'd.

Guil. In what my deere Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North, North-West: when the Winde is Southerly, I know a Hawke from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you Gentlemen.

Ham. Hearke you *Guildensterne*, and you too: at each eare a hearer: that great Baby you see there, is not yet out of his swathing clouts.

Rosin. Happily he's the second time come to them: for they say, an old man is twice a childe.

Ham. I will Prophesie. Hee comes to tell me of the Players. Mark it, you say right Sir: for a Monday morning 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I haue Newes to tell you.
When *Rossius* an Actor in Rome——

Pol. The Actors are come hither my Lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze.

Pol. Vpon mine Honor.

Ham. Then can each Actor on his Asse———

Polon. The best Actors in the world, either for Tragedie, Comedie, Historie, Pastorall: Pastoricall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Tragicall-Historicall: Tragicall-Comicall-Historicall-Pastorall: Scene indiuible, or Poem vnlimited. *Seneca* cannot be too heauy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the law of Writ, and the Liberty. These are the onely men.

Ham. O *Iephta* Iudge of Israel, what a Treasure had'st thou?

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one faire Daughter, and no more,
The which he loued passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th'right old *Iephta*?

Polon. If you call me *Iephta* my Lord, I haue a daughter that I loue passing well.

Ham. Nay that followes not.

Polon. What followes then, my Lord?

Ha. Why, As by lot, God wot: and then you know, It came to passe, as most like it was: The first rowe of the *Pons Chanson* will shew you more. For looke where my Abridgements come.

Enter foure or fiue Players.

Y'are welcome Masters, welcome all. I am glad to see thee well: Welcome good Friends. O my olde Friend? Thy face is valiant since I saw thee last: Com'st thou to beard me in Denmarke? What, my yong Lady and Mistris? Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heauen then when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine. Pray God your voice like a peece of vncurrant Gold be not crack'd within the ring. Masters, you are all welcome: wee'l e'ne to't like French Faulconers, flie at any thing we see: wee'l haue a Speech straight. Come giue vs a tast of your quality: come, a passionate speech.

1. *Play.* What speech, my Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was neuer Acted: or if it was, not aboue once, for the Play I remember pleas'd not the Million, 'twas *Cauiarie* to the Generall: but it was (as I receiu'd it, and others, whose iudgement in such matters, cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digested in the Scœnes, set downe with as much modestie, as cunning. I remember one said, there was no Sallets in the lines, to make the matter sauoury; nor no matter in the phrase, that might indite the Author of affectation, but cal'd it an honest method. One cheefe Speech in it, I cheefely lou'd, 'twas *Æneas* Tale to *Dido*, and thereabout of it especially, where he speaks of *Priams* slaughter. If it liue in your memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see: The rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'*Hyrcanian* Beast. It is not so: it begins with *Pyrrhus*
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose Sable Armes
Blacke as his purpose, did the night resemble
When he lay couched in the Ominous Horse,
Hath now this dread and blacke Complexion smear'd
With Heraldry more dismall: Head to foote
Now is he to take Geulles, horridly Trick'd
With blood of Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sonnes,
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,
That lend a tyrannous, and damned light
To their vilde Murthers, roasted in wrath and fire,
And thus o're-sized with coagulate gore,
VVith eyes like Carbuncles, the hellish *Pyrrhus*
Old Grandsire *Priam* seekes.

Pol. Fore God, my Lord, well spoken, with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Player.* Anon he findes him,
Striking too short at Greekes. His anticke Sword,
Rebellious to his Arme, lyes where it falles
Repugnant to command: vnequall match,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* driues, in Rage strikes wide:
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell Sword,
Th'vnnerued Father fals. Then senselesse Illium,
Seeming to feele his blow, with flaming top
Stoopes to his Base, and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus* eare. For loe, his Sword
Which was declining on the Milkie head
Of Reuerend *Priam*, seem'd i'th'Ayre to stieke:

So

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the Heauens, the Racke ſtand ſtill,
The bold windes ſpeechleſſe, and the Orbe below
As huſh as death : Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pauſe,
A roſed Vengeance ſets him new a-worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armours, forg'd for proofe Eterne,
With leſſe remorſe then *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falles on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power :
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Prythee ſay on : He's for a Iigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hee ſleepes. Say on ; come to *Hecuba*.

1.*Play*. But who, O who, had ſeen the inobled Queen.

Ham. The inobled Queene ?

Pol. That's good : Inobled Queene is good.

1.*Play*. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Biſſon Rheume : A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th'Alarum of feare caught vp.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in Venome ſteep'd,
'Gainſt Fortunes State, would Treaſon haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themſelues did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The inſtant Burſt of Clamour that ſhe made
(Vnleſſe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee ſpeake out the reſt, ſoone. Good my Lord, will you ſee the Players wel beſtow'd. Do ye heare, let them be well vs'd : for they are the Abſtracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vſe them according to their deſart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vſe euerie man after his deſart, and who ſhould ſcape whipping : vſe them after your own Honor and Dignity. The leſſe they deſerue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs. *Exit Polon.*

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to morrow. Doſt thou heare me old Friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe, and inſert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night you are welcome to *Elſonower*?

Roſin. Good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I ſo, God buy'ye : Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Peſant ſlaue am I ?
Is it not monſtrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage warm'd ;
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's Aſpect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function ſuiting
With Formes, to his Conceit ? And all for nothing ?
For *Hecuba ?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he ſhould weepe for her ? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for paſſion
That I haue ? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid ſpeech :
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Raſcall, peake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing : No, not for a King,
Vpon whoſe property, and moſt deere life,
A damn'd defeate was made. Am I a Coward ?
Who calles me Villaine *?* breakes my pate a-croſſe ?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th'Noſe*?* giues me the Lye i'th'Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this ?
Ha? Why I ſhould take it : for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppreſſion bitter, or ere this,
I ſhould haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloudy : a Bawdy villaine,
Remorſeleſſe, Treacherous, Letcherous, kindles villaine !
Oh Vengeance !
Who? What an Aſſe am I ? I ſure, this is moſt braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murthered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Muſt (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Curſing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't : Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures ſitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scœne,
Bene ſtrooke ſo to the ſoule, that preſently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murther, though it haue no tongue, will ſpeake
With moſt myraculous Organ. Ile haue theſe Players,
Play ſomething like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obſerue his lookes,
Ile tent him to the quicke : If he but blench
I know my courſe. The Spirit that I haue ſeene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'aſſume a pleaſing ſhape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weakneſſe, and my Melancholly,
As he is very potent with ſuch Spirits,
Abuſes me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this : The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conſcience of the King. *Exit*

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſtern, and Lords.

King. And can you by no drift of circumſtance
Get from him why he puts on this Confuſion :
Grating ſo harſhly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.
Roſin. He does confeſſe he feeles himſelfe diſtracted,
But from what cauſe he will by no meanes ſpeake.
Guil. Nor do we finde him forward to be ſounded,
But with a crafty Madneſſe keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to ſome Confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.
Qu. Did he receiue you well?
Roſin. Moſt like a Gentleman.
Guild. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.
Roſin. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.
Qu. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?
Roſin. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of theſe we told him,
And there did ſeeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to intreate your Maieſties
To heare, and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him ſo inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpoſe on
To theſe delights.
Roſin. We ſhall my Lord. *Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my ſelfe (lawful eſpials)
Will ſo beſtow our ſelues, that ſeeing vnſeene
We may of their encounter frankely iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If 't be th'affliction of his loue, or no.
That thus he ſuffers for.
Qu. I ſhall obey you,
And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wiſh
That your good Beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlets* wildeneſſe: ſo ſhall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.
Ophe. Madam, I wiſh it may.
Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious ſo pleaſe ye
We will beſtow our ſelues: Reade on this booke,
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſſe. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions viſage,
And pious Action, we do ſurge o're
The diuell himſelfe.
King. Oh 'tis true:
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth giue my Conſcience?
The Harlots Cheeke beautied with plaiſt'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpes it,
Then is my deede, to my moſt painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!
Pol. I heare him comming, let's withdraw my Lord.
Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhuffel'd off this mortall coile,
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the poore mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution
Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. Soft you now,
The faire *Ophelia*? Nimph, in thy Orizons
Be all my ſinnes remembred.
Ophe. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thanke you: well, well, well.
Ophe. My Lord, I haue Remembrances of yours,
That I haue longed long to re-deliuer.
I pray you now, receiue them.
Ham. No, no, I neuer gaue you ought.
Ophe. My honor'd Lord, I know right well you did,
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich, then perfume left:
Take theſe againe, for to the Noble minde
Rich gifts wax poore, when giuers proue vnkinde.
There my Lord.
Ham. Ha, ha: Are you honeſt?
Ophe. My Lord.
Ham. Are you faire?
Ophe. What meanes your Lordſhip?
Ham. That if you be honeſt and faire, your Honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your Beautie.
Ophe. Could Beautie my Lord, haue better Comerce then your Honeſtie?
Ham. I trulie: for the power of Beautie, will ſooner transforme Honeſtie from what it is, to a Bawd, then the force of Honeſtie can tranſlate Beautie into his likeneſſe. This was ſometime a Paradox, but now the time giues it proofe. I did loue you once.
Ophe. Indeed my Lord, you made me beleeue ſo.
Ham. You ſhould not haue beleeued me. For vertue cannot ſo innocculate our old ſtocke, but we ſhall relliſh of it. I loued you not.
Ophe. I was the more deceiued.
Ham. Get thee to a Nunnerie. Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of Sinners? I am my ſelfe indifferent honeſt, but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better my Mother had not borne me. I am very prowd, reuengefull, Ambitious, with more offences at my becke, then I haue thoughts to put them in imagination, to giue them ſhape, or time to acte them in. What ſhould ſuch Fel-

Fellowes as I do, crawling betweene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, beleeue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

Ophe. At home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be ſhut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne houſe. Farewell.

Ophe. O helpe him, you ſweet Heauens.

Ham. If thou doeſt Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaſt as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou ſhalt not eſcape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farwell.

Ophe. O heauenly Powers, reſtore him.

Ham. I haue heard of your pratlings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your ſelfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you liſpe, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonneſſe, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will haue no more Marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one ſhall liue, the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

Ophe. O what a Noble minde is heere o're-throwne? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, ſword, Th'expectanſie and Roſe of the faire State, The glaſſe of Faſhion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obſeru'd of all Obſeruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies moſt deiect and wretched, That ſuck'd the Honie of his Muſicke Vowes: Now ſee that Noble, and moſt Soueraigne Reaſon, Like ſweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harſh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blaſted with extaſie. Oh woe is me, T'haue ſeene what I haue ſeene: ſee what I ſee.

Enter King, and Polonius.

King. Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madneſſe. There's ſomething in his ſoule? O're which his Melancholly ſits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the diſcloſe Will be ſome danger, which to preuent I haue in quicke determination Thus ſet it downe. He ſhall with ſpeed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countries different With variable Obiects, ſhall expell This ſomething ſetled matter in his heart: Whereon his Braines ſtill beating, puts him thus From faſhion of himſelfe. What thinke you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I beleeue The Origin and Commencement of this greeſe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophelia?* You neede not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* ſaide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you pleaſe, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To ſhew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And Ile be plac'd ſo, pleaſe you in the eare Of all their Conference. If ſhe finde him not, To England ſend him: Or confine him where Your wiſedome beſt ſhall thinke.

King. It ſhall be ſo: Madneſſe in great Ones, muſt not vnwatch'd go.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vſe all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, & noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtop not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is frō the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, or Norman, haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iourney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, & ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

Enter Polonius, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

How now my Lord,
Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

Pol. And the Queene too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſt. *Exit Polonius.*
Will you two helpe to haſten them?

Both. We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio.

Ham. What hoa, *Horatio?*

Hora. Heere ſweet Lord, at your Seruice.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art eene as iuſt a man As ere my Conuerſation coap'd withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.

Ham. Nay, do not thinke I flatter: For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennew haſt, but thy good ſpirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why ſhold the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the Candied tongue, like abſurd pompe,
And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow faining? Doſt thou heare,
Since my deere Soule was Miſtris of my choyſe,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelfe. For thou haſt bene
As one in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing.
A man that Fortunes buffets, and Rewards
Hath 'tane with equall Thankes. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe Blood and Iudgement are ſo well co-mingled,
That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Giue me that man,
That is not Paſſions Slaue, and I will weare him
In my hearts Core: I, in my Heart of heart,
As I do thee. Something too much of this.
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scœne of it comes neere the Circumſtance
Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.
I prythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Acte a-foot,
Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule
Obſerue mine Vnkle: If his occulted guilt,
Do not it ſelfe vnkennell in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we haue ſeene:
And my Imaginations are as foule
As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note,
For I mine eyes will riuet to his Face:
And after we will both our iudgements ioyne,
To cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hora. Well my Lord.
If he ſteale ought the whil'ſt this Play is Playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrance, Guildenſterne, and other Lords attendant, with his Guard carrying Torches. Daniſh March. Sound a Flouriſh.

Ham. They are comming to the Play: I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our Coſin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent Ifaith, of the Camelions diſh: I eate the Ayre promiſe-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons ſo.

King. I haue nothing with this anſwer *Hamlet*, theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once i'th'Vniuerſity, you ſay?

Polon. That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Iulius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th'Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a bruite part of him, to kill ſo Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

Roſin. I my Lord, they ſtay vpon your patience.

Qu. Come hither my good *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ha. No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

Pol. Oh ho, do you marke that?

Ham. Ladie, ſhall I lye in your Lap?

Ophe. No my Lord.

Ham. I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

Ophe. I thinke nothing, my Lord.

Ham. That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

Ophe. What is my Lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Ophe. You are merrie, my Lord?

Ham. Who I?

Ophe. I my Lord.

Ham. Oh God, your onely Iigge-maker: what ſhould a man do, but be merrie. For looke you how cheerefully my Mother lookes, and my Father dyed within's two Houres.

Ophe. Nay, 'tis twice two moneths, my Lord.

Ham. So long? Nay then let the Diuel weare blacke, for Ile haue a ſuite of Sables. Oh Heauens! dye two moneths ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope, a great mans Memorie, may out-liue his life halfe a yeare: But byrlady he muſt builde Churches then: or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the Hoby-horſſe, whoſe Epitaph is, For o, For o, the Hoby-horſe is forgot.

Hoboyes play. The dumbe ſhew enters.

Enter a King and Queene, very lowingly; the Queene embracing him. She kneeles, and makes ſhew of Proteſtation vnto him. He takes her vp, and declines his head vpon her neck. Layes him downe vpon a Banke of Flowers. She ſeeing him a-ſleepe, leaues him. Anon comes in a Fellow, takes off his Crowne, kiſſes it, and powres poyſon in the Kings eares, and Exits. The Queene returnes, findes the King dead, and makes paſſionate Action. The Poyſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes comes in againe, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away: The Poyſoner Wooes the Queene with Gifts, ſhe ſeemes loath and vnwilling awhile, but in the end, accepts his loue. Exeunt

Ophe. What meanes this, my Lord?

Ham. Marry this is Miching *Malicho*, that meanes Miſcheefe.

Ophe. Belike this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Ham. We ſhall know by theſe Fellowes: the Players cannot keepe counſell, they'l tell all.

Ophe. Will they tell vs what this ſhew meant?

Ham. I, or any ſhew that you'l ſhew him. Bee not you aſham'd to ſhew, hee'l not ſhame to tell you what it meanes.

Ophe. You are naught, you are naught, Ile marke the Play.

Enter Prologue.

For vs, and for our Tragedie,
Heere ſtooping to your Clemencie:
We begge your hearing Patientlie.

Ham. Is this a Prologue, or the Poeſie of a Ring?

Ophe. 'Tis briefe my Lord.

Ham. As Womans loue.

Enter King and his Queene.

King. Full thirtie times hath Phœbus Cart gon round,
Neptunes ſalt Waſh, and *Tellus* Orbed ground:
And thirtie dozen Moones with borrowed ſheene,
About the World haue times twelue thirties beene,
Since loue our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands
Vnite comutuall, in moſt ſacred Bands.

Bap. So many iournies may the Sunne and Moone
Make vs againe count o're, ere loue be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſicke of late,
So farre from cheere, and from your forme ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you: yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you (my Lord) it nothing muſt:
For womens Feare and Loue, holds quantitie,

In

In neither ought, or in extremity:
Now what my loue is, proofe hath made you know,
And as my Loue is siz'd, my Feare is so.
King. Faith I must leaue thee Loue, and shortly too:
My operant Powers my Functions leaue to do:
And thou shalt liue in this faire world behinde,
Honour'd, belou'd, and haply, one as kinde.
For Husband shalt thou———
Bap. Oh confound the rest:
Such Loue, must needs be Treason in my brest:
In second Husband, let me be accurst,
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.'
Ham. Wormwood, Wormwood.
Bapt. The instances that second Marriage moue,
Are base respects of Thrift, but none of Loue.
A second time, I kill my Husband dead,
When second Husband kisses me in Bed.
King. I do beleeue you. Think what now you speak:
But what we do determine, oft we breake:
Purpose is but the slaue to Memorie,
Of violent Birth, but poore validitie:
Which now like Fruite vnripe stickes on the Tree,
But fall vnshaken, when they mellow bee.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our selues, what to our selues is debt:
What to our selues in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of other Greefe or Ioy,
Their owne ennactors with themselues destroy:
Where Ioy most Reuels, Greefe doth most lament;
Greefe ioyes, Ioy greeues on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange
That euen our Loues should with our Fortunes change.
For 'tis a question left vs yet to proue,
Whether Loue lead Fortune, or else Fortune Loue.
The great man downe, you marke his fauourites flies,
The poore aduanc'd, makes Friends of Enemies:
And hitherto doth Loue on Fortune tend,
For who not needs, shall neuer lacke a Frend:
And who in want a hollow Friend doth try,
Directly seasons him his Enemie.
But orderly to end, where I begun,
Our Willes and Fates do so contrary run,
That our Deuices still are ouerthrowne,
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our owne.
So thinke thou wilt no second Husband wed.
But die thy thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.
Bap. Nor Earth to giue me food, nor Heauen light,
Sport and repose locke from me day and night:
Each opposite that blankes the face of ioy,
Meet what I would haue well, and it destroy:
Both heere, and hence, pursue me lasting strife,
If once a Widdow, euer I be Wife.
Ham. If she should breake it now.
King. 'Tis deepely sworne:
Sweet, leaue me heere a while,
My spirits grow dull, and faine I would beguile
The tedious day with sleepe.
Qu. Sleepe rocke thy Braine, *Sleepes*
And neuer come mischance betweene vs twaine. *Exit*
Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?
Qu. The Lady protests to much me thinkes.
Ham. Oh but shee'l keepe her word.
King. Haue you heard the Argument, is there no Offence in't?
Ham. No, no, they do but iest, poyson in iest, no Offence i'th'world.
King. What do you call the Play?
Ham. The Mouse-trap: Marry how? Tropically:
This Play is the Image of a murder done in *Vienna: Gonzago* is the Dukes name, his wife *Baptista*: you shall see anon: 'tis a knauish peece of worke: But what o'that? Your Maiestie, and wee that haue free soules, it touches vs not: let the gall'd iade winch: our withers are vnrung.
Enter Lucianus.
This is one *Lucianus* nephew to the King.
Ophe. You are a good Chorus, my Lord.
Ham. I could interpret betweene you and your loue: if I could see the Puppets dallying.
Ophe. You are keene my Lord, you are keene.
Ham. It would cost you a groaning, to take off my edge.
Ophe. Still better and worse.
Ham. So you mistake Husbands.
Begin Murderer. Pox, leaue thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Rauen doth bellow for Reuenge.
Lucian. Thoughts blacke, hands apt,
Drugges fit, and Time agreeing:
Confederate season, else, no Creature seeing:
Thou mixture ranke, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With Hecats Ban, thrice blasted, thrice infected,
Thy naturall Magicke, and dire propertie,
On wholsome life, vsurpe immediately.
Powres the poyson in his eares.
Ham. He poysons him i'th'Garden for's estate: His name's *Gonzago:* the Story is extant and writ in choyce Italian. You shall see anon how the Murtherer gets the loue of *Gonzago's* wife.
Ophe. The King rises.
Ham. What, frighted with false fire.
Qu. How fares my Lord?
Pol. Giue o're the Play.
King. Giue me some Light. Away.
All. Lights, Lights, Lights. *Exeunt*
Manet Hamlet & Horatio.
Ham. Why let the strucken Deere go weepe,
The Hart vngalled play:
For some must watch, while some must sleepe;
So runnes the world away.
Would not this Sir, and a Forrest of Feathers, if the rest of my Fortunes turne Turke with me; with two Prouinciall Roses on my rac'd Shooes, get me a Fellowship in a crie of Players sir.
Hor. Halfe a share.
Ham. A whole one I,
For thou dost know: Oh *Damon* deere,
This Realme dismantled was of Ioue himselfe,
And now reignes heere.
A verie verie Paiocke.
Hora. You might haue Rim'd.
Ham. Oh good *Horatio*, Ile take the Ghosts word for a thousand pound. Did't perceiue?
Hora. Verie well my Lord.
Ham. Vpon the talke of the poysoning?
Hora. I did verie well note him.
Enter Rosincrance and Guildensterne.
Ham. Oh, ha? Come some Musick. Come ỹ Recorders:
For if the King like not the Comedie,
Why then belike he likes it not perdie.
Come some Musicke.
Guild. Good my Lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole Hiſtory.

Guild. The King, ſir.

Ham. I ſir, what of him ?

Guild. Is in his retyrement, maruellous diſtemper'd.

Ham. With drinke Sir ?

Guild. No my Lord, rather with choller.

Ham. Your wiſedome ſhould ſhew it ſelfe more richer, to ſignifie this to his Doctor: for for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plundge him into farre more Choller.

Guild. Good my Lord put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildely from my affayre.

Ham. I am tame Sir, pronounce.

Guild. The Queene your Mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guild. Nay, good my Lord, this courteſie is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will doe your Mothers command'ment: if not, your pardon, and my returne ſhall bee the end of my Buſineſſe.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Gnild. What, my Lord ?

Ham. Make you a wholſome anſwere: my wits diſeas'd. But ſir, ſuch anſwers as I can make, you ſhal command: or rather you ſay, my Mother: therfore no more but to the matter. My Mother you ſay.

Roſin. Then thus ſhe ſayes: your behauior hath ſtroke her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderfull Sonne, that can ſo aſtoniſh a Mother. But is there no ſequell at the heeles of this Mothers admiration ?

Roſin. She deſires to ſpeake with you in her Cloſſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our Mother. Haue you any further Trade with vs?

Roſin. My Lord, you once did loue me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſin. Good my Lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper ? You do freely barre the doore of your owne Libertie, if you deny your greefes to your Friend.

Ham. Sir I lacke Aduancement.

Roſin. How can that be, when you haue the voyce of the King himſelfe, for your Succeſſion in Denmarke ?

Ham. I, but while the graſſe growes, the Prouerbe is ſomething muſty.

Enter one with a Recorder.

O the Recorder. Let me ſee, to withdraw with you, why do you go about to recouer the winde of mee, as if you would driue me into a toyle ?

Guild, O my Lord, if my Dutie be too bold, my loue is too vnmannerly.

Ham. I do not well vnderſtand that. Will you play vpon this Pipe ?

Guild. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Beleeue me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſie as lying: gouerne theſe Ventiges with your finger and thumbe, giue it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt excellent Muſicke. Looke you, theſe are the ſtoppes.

Guild. But theſe cannot I command to any vtterance of hermony, I haue not the skill.

Ham. Why looke you now, how vnworthy a thing you make of me: you would play vpon mee; you would ſeeme to know my ſtops: you would pluck out the heart of my Myſterie; you would ſound mee from my loweſt Note, to the top of my Compaſſe: and there is much Muſicke, excellent Voice, in this little Organe, yet cannot you make it. Why do you thinke, that I am eaſier to bee plaid on, then a Pipe? Call me what Inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play vpon me. God bleſſe you Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Polon. My Lord; the Queene would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee that Clowd? that's almoſt in ſhape like a Camell.

Polon, By'th'Miſſe, and it's like a Camell indeed.

Ham. Me thinkes it is like a Weazell.

Polon. It is back'd like a Weazell.

Ham. Or like a Whale ?

Polon. Verie like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother, by and by: They foole me to the top of my bent.
I will come by and by.

Polon. I will ſay ſo. *Exit.*

Ham. By and by, is eaſily ſaid. Leaue me Friends:
'Tis now the verie witching time of night,
When Churchyards yawne, and Hell it ſelfe breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſſe as the day
Would quake to looke on. Soft now, to my Mother:
Oh Heart, looſe not thy Nature; let not euer
The Soule of *Nero*, enter this firme boſome:
Let me be cruell, not vnnaturall,
I will ſpeake Daggers to her, but vſe none:
My Tongue and Soule in this be Hypocrites.
How in my words ſomeuer ſhe be ſhent,
To giue them Seales, neuer my Soule conſent.

Enter King, Roſincrance, and Guildenſterne.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with vs,
To let his madneſſe range. Therefore prepare you,
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:
The termes of our eſtate, may not endure
Hazard ſo dangerous as doth hourely grow
Out of his Lunacies.

Guild. We will our ſelues prouide:
Moſt holie and Religious feare it is
To keepe thoſe many many bodies ſafe
That liue and feede vpon your Maieſtie.

Roſin. The ſingle
And peculiar life is bound
With all the ſtrength and Armour of the minde,
To keepe it ſelfe from noyance: but much more,
That Spirit, vpon whoſe ſpirit depends and reſts
The liues of many, the ceaſe of Maieſtie
Dies not alone; but like a Gulfe doth draw
What's neere it, with it. It is a maſſie wheele
Fixt on the Somnet of the higheſt Mount,
To whoſe huge Spoakes, ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adioyn'd: which when it falles,
Each ſmall annexment, pettie conſequence
Attends the boyſtrous Ruine. Neuer alone
Did the King ſighe, but with a generall grone.

King. Arme you, I pray you to this ſpeedie Voyage;
For we will Fetters put vpon this feare,

Which

Which now goes too free-footed.
Both. We will haſte vs. *Exeunt Gent.*
Enter Polonius.
Pol. My Lord, he's going to his Mothers Cloſſet:
Behinde the Arras Ile conuey my ſelfe
To heare the Proceſſe. Ile warrant ſhee'l tax him home,
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meete that ſome more audience then a Mother,
Since Nature makes them partiall, ſhould o're-heare
The ſpeech of vantage. Fare you well my Liege,
Ile call vpon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.
King. Thankes deere my Lord.
Oh my offence is ranke, it ſmels to heauen,
It hath the primall eldeſt curſe vpon't,
A Brothers murther. Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharpe as will:
My ſtronger guilt, defeats my ſtrong intent,
And like a man to double buſineſſe bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect; what if this curſed hand
Were thicker then it ſelfe with Brothers blood,
Is there not Raine enough in the ſweet Heauens
To waſh it white as Snow? Whereto ſerues mercy,
But to confront the viſage of Offence?
And what's in Prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being downe? Then Ile looke vp,
My fault is paſt. But oh, what forme of Prayer
Can ſerue my turne? Forgiue me my foule Murther:
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the Murther.
My Crowne, mine owne Ambition, and my Queene:
May one be pardon'd, and retaine th'offence?
In the corrupted currants of this world,
Offences gilded hand may ſhoue by Iuſtice,
And oft 'tis ſeene, the wicked prize it ſelfe
Buyes out the Law; but 'tis not ſo aboue,
There is no ſhuffling, there the Action lyes
In his true Nature, and we our ſelues compell'd
Euen to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To giue in euidence. What then? What reſts?
Try what Repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! Oh boſome, blacke as death!
Oh limed ſoule, that ſtrugling to be free,
Art more ingag'd: Helpe Angels, make aſſay:
Bow ſtubborne knees, and heart with ſtrings of Steele,
Be ſoft as ſinewes of the new-borne Babe,
All may be well.
Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now Ile doo't, and ſo he goes to Heauen,
And ſo am I reueng'd: that would be ſcann'd,
A Villaine killes my Father, and for that
I his ſoule Sonne, do this ſame Villaine ſend
To heauen. Oh this is hyre and Sallery, not Reuenge.
He tooke my Father groſſely, full of bread,
With all his Crimes broad blowne, as freſh as May,
And how his Audit ſtands, who knowes, ſaue Heauen:
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought
'Tis heauie with him: and am I then reueng'd,
To take him in the purging of his Soule,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage? No.
Vp Sword, and know thou a more horrid hent
When he is drunke aſleepe: or in his Rage,
Or in th'inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed,
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome acte
That ha's no relliſh of Saluation in't,
Then trip him, that his heeles may kicke at Heauen,
And that his Soule may be as damn'd and blacke
As Hell, whereto it goes. My Mother ſtayes,
This Phyſicke but prolongs thy ſickly dayes. *Exit.*
King. My words flye vp, my thoughts remain below,
Words without thoughts, neuer to Heauen go. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Polonius.
Pol. He will come ſtraight:
Looke you lay home to him,
Tell him his prankes haue been too broad to beare with,
And that your Grace hath ſcree'nd, and ſtoode betweene
Much heate, and him. Ile ſilence me e'ene heere:
Pray you be round with him.
Ham. within. Mother, mother, mother.
Qu. Ile warrant you, feare me not.
Withdraw, I heare him comming.
Enter Hamlet.
Ham. Now Mother, what's the matter?
Qu. *Hamlet*, thou haſt thy Father much offended.
Ham. Mother, you haue my Father much offended.
Qu. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with an idle tongue.
Qu. Why how now *Hamlet*?
Ham. Whats the matter now?
Qu. Haue you forgot me?
Ham. No by the Rood, not ſo:
You are the Queene, your Husbands Brothers wife,
But would you were not ſo. You are my Mother.
Qu. Nay, then Ile ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeake.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you downe, you ſhall not boudge:
You go not till I ſet you vp a glaſſe,
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you?
Qu. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Helpe, helpe, hoa.
Pol. What hoa, helpe, helpe, helpe.
Ham. How now, a Rat? dead for a Ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh I am ſlaine. *Killes Polonius.*
Qu. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay I know not, is it the King?
Qu. Oh what a raſh, and bloody deed is this?
Ham. A bloody deed, almoſt as bad good Mother,
As kill a King, and marrie with his Brother.
Qu. As kill a King?
Ham. I Lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding foole farewell,
I tooke thee for thy Betters, take thy Fortune,
Thou find'ſt to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leaue wringing of your hands, peace, ſit you downe,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall
If it be made of penetrable ſtuffe;
If damned Cuſtome haue not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proofe and bulwarke againſt Senſe.
Qu. What haue I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tong,
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an Act
That blurres the grace and bluſh of Modeſtie,
Cals Vertue Hypocrite, takes off the Roſe
From the faire forehead of an innocent loue,
And makes a bliſter there. Makes marriage vowes
As falſe as Dicers Oathes. Oh ſuch a deed,

As from the body of Contraction pluckes
The very ſoule, and ſweete Religion makes
A rapſidie of words. Heauens face doth glow,
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſſe,
With triſtfull viſage as againſt the doome,
Is thought-ſicke at the act.
Qu. Aye me; what act, that roares ſo lowd, & thunders in the Index.
Ham. Looke heere vpon this Picture, and on this,
The counterfet preſentment of two Brothers:
See what a grace was ſeated on his Brow,
Hyperions curles, the front of Ioue himſelfe,
An eye like Mars, to threaten or command
A Station, like the Herald Mercurie
New lighted on a heauen-kiſſing hill:
A Combination, and a forme indeed,
Where euery God did ſeeme to ſet his Seale,
To giue the world aſſurance of a man.
This was your Husband. Looke you now what followes.
Heere is your Husband, like a Mildew'd eare
Blaſting his wholſom breath. Haue you eyes?
Could you on this faire Mountaine leaue to feed,
And batten on this Moore? Ha? Haue you eyes?
You cannot call it Loue: For at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waites vpon the Iudgement: and what Iudgement
Would ſtep from this, to this? What diuell was't,
That thus hath couſend you at hoodman-blinde?
O Shame! where is thy Bluſh? Rebellious Hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a Matrons bones,
To flaming youth, let Vertue be as waxe,
And melt in her owne fire. Proclaime no ſhame,
When the compulſiue Ardure giues the charge,
Since Froſt it ſelfe, as actiuely doth burne,
As Reaſon panders Will.
Qu. O *Hamlet*, ſpeake no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoule,
And there I ſee ſuch blacke and grained ſpots,
As will not leaue their Tinct.
Ham. Nay, but to liue
In the ranke ſweat of an enſeamed bed,
Stew'd in Corruption; honying and making loue
Ouer the naſty Stye.
Qu. Oh ſpeake to me, no more,
Theſe words like Daggers enter in mine eares.
No more ſweet *Hamlet*.
Ham. A Murderer, and a Villaine:
A Slaue, that is not twentieth patt the tythe
Of your precedent Lord. A vice of Kings,
A Cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule.
That from a ſhelfe, the precious Diadem ſtole,
And put it in his Pocket.
Qu. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches.
Saue me; and houer o're me with your wings
You heauenly Guards. What would you gracious figure?
Qu. Alas he's mad.
Ham. Do you not come your tardy Sonne to chide,
That laps't in Time and Paſſion, lets go by
Th'important acting of your dread command? Oh ſay.
Ghoſt. Do not forget: this Viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But looke, Amazement on thy Mother ſits;
O ſtep betweene her, and her fighting Soule,
Conceit in weakeſt bodies, ſtrongeſt workes.
Speake to her *Hamlet*.
Ham. How is it with you Lady?
Qu. Alas, how is't with you?
That you bend your eye on vacancie,
And with their corporall ayre do hold diſcourſe.
Forth at your eyes, your ſpirits wildely peepe,
And as the ſleeping Soldiours in th'Alarme,
Your bedded haire, like life in excrements,
Start vp, and ſtand an end. Oh gentle Sonne,
Vpon the heate and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle coole patience. Whereon do you looke?
Ham. On him, on him: look you how pale he glares,
His forme and cauſe conioyn'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capeable. Do not looke vpon me,
Leaſt with this pitteous action you conuert
My ſterne effects: then what I haue to do,
Will want true colour; teares perchance for blood.
Qu. To who do you ſpeake this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?
Qu. Nothing at all, yet all that is I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing heare?
Qu. No, nothing but our ſelues.
Ham. Why look you there: looke how it ſteals away:
My Father in his habite, as he liued,
Looke where he goes euen now out at the Portall. *Exit.*
Qu. This is the very coynage of your Braine,
This bodileſſe Creation extaſie is very cunning in.
Ham. Extaſie?
My Pulſe as yours doth temperately keepe time,
And makes as healthfull Muſicke. It is not madneſſe
That I haue vttered; bring me to the Teſt
And I the matter will re-word: which madneſſe
Would gamboll from. Mother, for loue of Grace,
Lay not a flattering Vnction to your ſoule,
That not your treſpaſſe, but my madneſſe ſpeakes:
It will but skin and filme the Vlcerous place,
Whil'ſt ranke Corruption mining all within,
Infects vnſeene. Confeſſe your ſelfe to Heauen,
Repent what's paſt, auoyd what is to come,
And do not ſpred the Compoſt or the Weedes,
To make them ranke. Forgiue me this my Vertue,
For in the fatneſſe of this purſie times,
Vertue it ſelfe, of Vice muſt pardon begge,
Yea courb, and woe, for leaue to do him good.
Qu. Oh *Hamlet*,
Thou haſt cleft my heart in twaine.
Ham. O throw away the worſer part of it,
And liue the purer with the other halfe.
Good night, but go not to mine Vnkles bed,
Aſſume a Vertue, if you haue it not, refraine to night,
And that ſhall lend a kinde of eaſineſſe
To the next abſtinence. Once more goodnight,
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
Ile bleſſing begge of you. For this ſame Lord,
I do repent: but heauen hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their Scourge and Miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gaue him: ſo againe, good night.
I muſt be cruell, onely to be kinde;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remaines behinde.
Qu. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no meanes that I bid you do:
Let the blunt King tempt you againe to bed,
Pinch Wanton on your cheeke, call you his Mouſe,
And let him for a paire of reechie kiſſes,

Or

Or padling in your necke with his damn'd Fingers,
Make you to rauell all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſſe,
But made in craft. 'Twere good you let him know,
For who that's but a Queene, faire, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddocke, from a Bat, a Gibbe,
Such deere concernings hide, Who would do ſo,
No in deſpight of Senſe and Secrecie,
Vnpegge the Basket on the houſes top :
Let the Birds flye, and like the famous Ape
To try Concluſions in the Basket, creepe
And breake your owne necke downe.

Qu. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life : I haue no life to breath
What thou haſt ſaide to me.

Ham. I muſt to England, you know that ?

Qu. Alacke I had forgot : 'Tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. This man ſhall ſet me packing :
Ile lugge the Guts into the Neighbor roome,
Mother goodnight. Indeede this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt graue,
Who was in life, a fooliſh prating Knaue.
Come ſir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night Mother.

Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius.

Enter King.

King. There's matters in theſe ſighes.
Theſe profound heaues
You muſt tranſlate ; Tis fit we vnderſtand them.
Where is your Sonne ?

Qu. Ah my good Lord, what haue I ſeene to night ?

King. What *Gertrude*? How do's *Hamlet* ?

Qu. Mad as the Seas, and winde, when both contend
Which is the Mightier, in his lawleſſe fit
Behinde the Arras, hearing ſomething ſtirre,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries a Rat, a Rat,
And in his brainiſh apprehenſion killes
The vnſeene good old man.

King. Oh heauy deed :
It had bin ſo with vs had we beene there :
His Liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelfe, to vs, to euery one.
Alas, how ſhall this bloody deede be anſwered ?
It will be laide to vs, whoſe prouidence
Should haue kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad yong man. But ſo much was our loue,
We would not vnderſtand what was moſt fit,
But like the Owner of a foule diſeaſe,
To keepe it from divulging, let's it feede
Euen on the pith of life. Where is he gone ?

Qu. To draw apart the body he hath kild,
O're whom his very madneſſe like ſome Oare
Among a Minerall of Mettels baſe
Shewes it ſelfe pure. He weepes for what is done.

King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away :
The Sun no ſooner ſhall the Mountaines touch,
But we will ſhip him hence, and this vilde deed,
We muſt with all our Maieſty and Skill
Both countenance, and excuſe. *Enter Roſ. & Guild.*
Ho *Guildenſtern* :
Friends both go ioyne you with ſome further ayde :
Hamlet in madneſſe hath *Polonius* ſlaine,
And from his Mother Cloſſets hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeeke him out, ſpeake faire, and bring the body
Into the Chappell. I pray you haſt in this. *Exit Gent.*
Come *Gertrude*, wee'l call vp our wiſeſt friends,
To let them know both what we meane to do,
And what's vntimely done. Oh come away,
My ſoule is full of diſcord and diſmay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.

Gentlemen within. Hamlet, Lord *Hamlet*.

Ham. What noiſe? Who cals on *Hamlet* ?
Oh heere they come. *Enter Roſ. and Guildenſterne.*

Ro. What haue you done my Lord with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis Kinne.

Roſin. Tell vs where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And beare it to the Chappell.

Ham. Do not beleeue it.

Roſin. Beleeue what ?

Ham. That I can keepe your counſell, and not mine owne. Beſides, to be demanded of a Spundge, what replication ſhould be made by the Sonne of a King.

Roſin. Take you me for a Spundge, my Lord ?

Ham. I ſir, that ſokes vp the Kings Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities (but ſuch Officers do the King beſt ſeruice in the end. He keepes them like an Ape in the corner of his iaw, firſt mouth'd to be laſt ſwallowed, when he needes what you haue glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and Spundge you ſhall be dry againe.

Roſin. I vnderſtand you not my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it : a knauiſh ſpeech ſleepes in a fooliſh eare.

Roſin. My Lord, you muſt tell vs where the body is, and go with vs to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King, is a thing ———

Guild. A thing my Lord ?

Ham. Of nothing : bring me to him, hide Fox, and all after. *Exeunt*

Enter King.

King. I haue ſent to ſeeke him, and to find the bodie :
How dangerous is it that this man goes looſe :
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong Law on him :
Hee's loued of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their iudgement, but their eyes :
And where 'tis ſo, th'Offenders ſcourge is weigh'd
But neerer the offence : to beare all ſmooth, and euen,
This ſodaine ſending him away, muſt ſeeme
Deliberate pauſe, diſeaſes deſperate growne,
By deſperate appliance are releeued,
Or not at all. *Enter Roſincrane.*
How now? What hath befalne ?

Roſin. Where the dead body is beſtow'd my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he ?

Roſin. Without my Lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before vs.

Roſin. Hoa, *Guildenſterne?* Bring in my Lord.

Enter Hamlet and Guildenſterne.

King. Now *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius* ?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper? Where ?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten, a certaine conuocation of wormes are e'ne at him. Your worm is your onely Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat vs, and we fat our ſelfe for Magots. Your fat King, and your leane Begger is but variable ſeruice to diſhes, but to one Table that's the end.

King. What doſt thou meane by this ?

Ham.

Ham. Nothing but to ſhew you how a King may go a Progreſſe through the guts of a Begger.

King. Where is *Polonius*.

Ham. In heauen, ſend thither to ſee. If your Meſſenger finde him not there, ſeeke him i'th other place your ſelfe : but indeed, if you finde him not this moneth, you ſhall noſe him as you go vp the ſtaires into the Lobby.

King. Go ſeeke him there.

Ham. He will ſtay till ye come.

K. Hamlet, this deed of thine, for thine eſpecial ſafety
Which we do tender, as we deerely greeue
For that which thou haſt done, muſt ſend thee hence
With fierie Quickneſſe. Therefore prepare thy ſelfe,
The Barke is readie, and the winde at helpe,
Th'Aſſociates tend, and euery thing at bent
For England.

Ham. For England ?

King. I *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherube that ſee's him : but come, for England. Farewell deere Mother.

King. Thy louing Father *Hamlet.*

Hamlet. My Mother : Father and Mother is man and wife : man & wife is one fleſh, and ſo my mother.Come, for England. *Exit*

King. Follow him at foote,
Tempt him with ſpeed aboord :
Delay it not, Ile haue him hence to night.
Away, for euery thing is Seal'd and done
That elſe leanes on th'Affaire, pray you make haſt.
And England, if my loue thou holdſt at ought,
As my great power thereof may giue thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice lookes raw and red
After the Daniſh Sword, and thy free awe
Payes homage to vs; thou maiſt not coldly ſet
Our Soueraigne Proceſſe, which imports at full
By Letters coniuring to that effect
The preſent death of *Hamlet.* Do it England,
For like the Hecticke in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
How ere my happes, my ioyes were ne're begun. *Exit*

Enter Fortinbras with an Armie.

For. Go Captaine, from me greet the Daniſh King,
Tell him that by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claimes the conueyance of a promis'd March
Ouer his Kingdome. You know the Rendeuous :
If that his Maieſty would ought with vs,
We ſhall expreſſe our dutie in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Cap. I will doo't, my Lord.

For. Go ſafely on. *Exit.*

Enter Queene and Horatio.

Qu. I will not ſpeake with her.

Hor. She is importunate, indeed diſtract, her moode will needs be pittied.

Qu. What would ſhe haue ?

Hor. She ſpeakes much of her Father; ſaies ſhe heares
There's trickes i'th'world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiouſly at Strawes, ſpeakes things in doubt,
That carry but halfe ſenſe : Her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the vnſhaped vſe of it doth moue
The hearers to Collection ; they ayme at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as her winkes, and nods, and geſtures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there would be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much vnhappily.

Qu. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with,
For ſhe may ſtrew dangerous coniectures
In ill breeding minds. Let her come in.
To my ſicke ſoule(as ſinnes true Nature is)
Each toy ſeemes Prologue, to ſome great amiſſe,
So full of Artleſſe iealouſie is guilt,
It ſpill's it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia diſtracted.

Ophe. Where is the beauteous Maieſty of Denmark.

Qu. How now *Ophelia?*

Ophe. How ſhould I your true loue know from another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe, and his Sandal ſhoone.

Qu. Alas ſweet Lady: what imports this Song ?

Ophe. Say you? Nay pray you marke.
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe, at his heeles a ſtone.

Enter King.

Qu Nay but *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Pray you marke.
White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow.

Qu. Alas, looke heere my Lord.

Ophe. Larded with ſweet flowers :
Which bewept to the graue did not go,
With true-loue ſhowres.

King. How do ye, pretty Lady ?

Ophe. Well, God dil'd you. They ſay the Owle was a Bakers daughter. Lord, wee know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your Table.

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray you let's haue no words of this: but when they aske you what it meanes, ſay you this :
To morrow is S. Valentines day, all in the morning betime,
And I a Maid at your Window, to be your Valentine.
Then vp he roſe, & don'd his clothes, & dupt the chamber dore,
Let in the Maid, that out a Maid, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia.*

Ophe. Indeed la ? without an oath Ile make an end ont.
By gis, and by S. Charity,
Alacke, and fie for ſhame :
Yong men wil doo't, if they come too't,
By Cocke they are too blame.
Quoth ſhe before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to Wed :
So would I ha done by yonder Sunne,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe bin this?

Ophe. I hope all will be well. We muſt bee patient, but I cannot chooſe but weepe, to thinke they ſhould lay him i'th'cold ground : My brother ſhall knowe of it, and ſo I thanke you for your good counſell. Come, my Coach : Goodnight Ladies : Goodnight ſweet Ladies : Goodnight, goodnight. *Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe,
Giue her good watch I pray you :
Oh this is the poyſon of deepe greefe, it ſprings
All from her Fathers death. Oh *Gertrude, Gertrude,*
When ſorrowes comes, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in Battaliaes. Firſt, her Father ſlaine,
Next your Sonne gone, and he moſt violent Author
Of his owne iuſt remoue : the people muddied,
Thicke and vnwholſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers
For good *Polonius* death ; and we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to interre him. Poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her ſelfe, and her faire Iudgement,

Without

Without the which we are Pictures, or meere Beasts.
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her Brother is in secret come from France,
Keepes on his wonder, keepes himselfe in clouds,
And wants not Buzzers to infect his eare
With pestilent Speeches of his Fathers death,
Where in necessitie of matter Beggard,
Will nothing sticke our persons to Arraigne
In eare and eare. O my deere *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering Peece in many places,
Gives me superfluous death. *A Noise within.*

Enter a Messenger.

Qu. Alacke, what noyse is this?
King. Where are my *Switzers*?
Let them guard the doore. What is the matter?
Mes. Saue your selfe, my Lord.
The Ocean (ouer-peering of his List)
Eates not the Flats with more impittious haste
Then young *Laertes*, in a Riotous head,
Ore-beares your Officers, the rabble call him Lord,
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, Custome not knowne,
The Ratifiers and props of euery word,
They cry choose we? *Laertes* shall be King,
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King.
Qu. How cheerefully on the false Traile they cry,
Oh this is Counter you false Danish Dogges.

Noise within. Enter Laertes.

King. The doores are broke.
Laer. Where is the King, sirs? Stand you all without.
All. No, let's come in.
Laer. I pray you giue me leaue.
All. We will, we will.
Laer. I thanke you: Keepe the doore.
Oh thou vilde King, giue me my Father.
Qu. Calmely good *Laertes*.
Laer. That drop of blood, that calmes
Proclaimes me Bastard:
Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot
Euen heere betweene the chaste vnsmirched brow
Of my true Mother.
King. What is the cause *Laertes*,
That thy Rebellion lookes so Gyant-like?
Let him go *Gertrude*: Do not feare our person:
There's such Diuinity doth hedge a King,
That Treason can but peepe to what it would,
Acts little of his will. Tell me *Laertes*,
Why thou art thus Incenst? Let him go *Gertrude*.
Speake man.
Laer. Where's my Father?
King. Dead.
Qu. But not by him.
King. Let him demand his fill.
Laer. How came he dead? Ile not be Iuggel'd with.
To hell Allegeance: Vowes, to the blackest diuell.
Conscience and Grace, to the profoundest Pit.
I dare Damnation: to this point I stand,
That both the worlds I giue to negligence,
Let come what comes: onely Ile be reueng'd
Most throughly for my Father.
King. Who shall stay you?
Laer. My Will, not all the world,
And for my meanes, Ile husband them so well,
They shall go farre with little.

King. Good *Laertes*:
If you desire to know the certaintie
Of your deere Fathers death, if writ in your reuenge,
That Soop-stake you will draw both Friend and Foe,
Winner and Looser.
Laer. None but his Enemies.
King. Will you know them then.
La. To his good Friends, thus wide Ile ope my Armes:
And like the kinde Life-rend'ring Politician,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why now you speake
Like a good Childe, and a true Gentleman.
That I am guiltlesse of your Fathers death,
And am most sensible in greefe for it,
It shall as leuell to your Iudgement pierce
As day do's to your eye.

A noise within. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Laer. How now? what noise is that?
Oh heate drie vp my Braines, teares seuen times salt,
Burne out the Sence and Vertue of mine eye.
By Heauen, thy madnesse shall be payed by waight,
Till our Scale turnes the beame. Oh Rose of May,
Deere Maid, kinde Sister, sweet *Ophelia*:
Oh Heauens, is't possible, a yong Maids wits,
Should be as mortall as an old mans life?
Nature is fine in Loue, and where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of it selfe
After the thing it loues.

Ophe. They bore him bare fac'd on the Beer,
Hey non nony, nony, hey nony:
And on his graue raines many a teare,
Fare you well my Doue.

Laer. Had'st thou thy wits, and did'st perswade Reuenge, it could not moue thus.
Ophe. You must sing downe a-downe, and you call him a-downe-a. Oh, how the wheele becomes it? It is the false Steward that stole his masters daughter.
Laer. This nothings more then matter.
Ophe. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembraunce. Pray loue remember: and there is Paconcies, that's for Thoughts.
Laer. A document in madnesse, thoughts & remembrance fitted.
Ophe. There's Fennell for you, and Columbines: ther's Rew for you, and heere's some for me. Wee may call it Herbe-Grace a Sundaies: Oh you must weare your Rew with a difference. There's a Daysie, I would giue you some Violets, but they wither'd all when my Father dyed: They say, he made a good end;

For bonny sweet Robin is all my ioy.

Laer. Thought, and Affliction, Passion, Hell it selfe:
She turnes to Fauour, and to prettinesse.

Ophe. And will he not come againe,
And will he not come againe:
No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,
He neuer wil come againe.
His Beard as white as Snow,
All Flaxen was his Pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away mone,
Gramercy on his Soule.

And of all Christian Soules, I pray God.
God buy ye. *Exeunt Ophelia*
Laer. Do you see this, you Gods?
King. *Laertes*, I must common with your greefe,
Or you deny me right: go but apart,

Make

Make choice of whom your wiſeſt Friends you will,
And they ſhall heare and iudge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by Colaterall hand
They finde vs touch'd, we will our Kingdome giue,
Our Crowne, our Life, and all that we call Ours
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to vs,
And we ſhall ioyntly labour with your ſoule
To giue it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo:
His meanes of death, his obſcure buriall;
No Trophee, Sword, nor Hatchment o're his bones,
No Noble rite, nor formall oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Heauen to Earth,
That I muſt call in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th'offence is, let the great Axe fall.
I pray you go with me. *Exeunt*

Enter Horatio, with an Attendant.

Hora. What are they that would ſpeake with me?

Ser. Saylors ſir, they ſay they haue Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in,
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Saylor.

Say. God bleſſe you Sir.

Hor. Let him bleſſe thee too.

Say. Hee ſhall Sir, and't pleaſe him. There's a Letter for you Sir: It comes from th'Ambaſſadours that was bound for England, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Reads the Letter.

HOratio, *When thou ſhalt haue ouerlook'd this, giue theſe Fellowes ſome meanes to the King: They haue Letters for him. Ere we were two dayes old at Sea, a Pyrate of very Warlicke appointment gaue vs Chace. Finding our ſelues too ſlow of Saile, we put on a compelled Valour. In the Grapple, I boorded them: On the inſtant they got cleare of our Shippe, ſo I alone became their Priſoner. They haue dealt with mee, like Theeues of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to doe a good turne for them. Let the King haue the Letters I haue ſent, and repaire thou to me with as much haſt as thou wouldeſt flye death. I haue words to ſpeake in your eare, will make thee dnmbe, yet are they much too light for the bore of the Matter. Theſe good Fellowes will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrance *and* Guildenſterne, *hold their courſe for England. Of them I haue much to tell thee, Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine,
Hamlet.

Come, I will giue you way for theſe your Letters,
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exit.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for Friend,
Sith you haue heard, and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your Noble Father ſlaine,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feates,
So crimefull, and ſo Capitall in Nature,
As by your Safety, Wiſedome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp?

King. O for two ſpeciall Reaſons,
Which may to you (perhaps) ſeeme much vnſinnowed,
And yet to me they are ſtrong. The Queen his Mother,
Liues almoſt by his lookes: and for my ſelfe,
My Vertue or my Plague, be it either which,
She's ſo coniunctiue to my life and ſoule;
That as the Starre moues not but in his Sphere,
I could not but by her. The other Motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not go,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his Faults in their affection,
Would like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Conuert his Gyues to Graces. So that my Arrowes
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a Winde,
Would haue reuerted to my Bow againe,
And not where I had arm'd them.

Laer. And ſo haue I a Noble Father loſt,
A Siſter driuen into deſperate tearmes,
Who was (if praiſes may go backe againe)
Stood Challenger on mount of all the Age
For her perfections. But my reuenge will come.

King. Breake not your ſleepes for that,
You muſt not thinke
That we are made of ſtuffe, ſo flat, and dull,
That we can let our Beard be ſhooke with danger,
And thinke it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall heare more,
I lou'd your Father, and we loue our Selfe,
And that I hope will teach you to imagine———

Enter a Meſſenger.

How now? What Newes?

Meſ. Letters my Lord from *Hamlet*. This to your Maieſty: this to the Queene.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Meſ. Saylors my Lord they ſay, I ſaw them not: They were giuen me by *Claudio*, he receiu'd them.

King. *Laertes* you ſhall heare them:
Leaue vs. *Exit Meſſenger*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know I am ſet naked on your Kingdome. To morrow ſhall I begge leaue to ſee your Kingly Eyes. When I ſhall (firſt asking your Pardon thereunto) recount th'Occaſions of my ſodaine, and more ſtrange returne.

Hamlet.

What ſhould this meane? Are all the reſt come backe?
Or is it ſome abuſe? Or no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know you the hand?

Kin. 'Tis *Hamlets* Character, naked and in a Poſtſcript here he ſayes alone: Can you aduiſe me?

Laer. I'm loſt in it my Lord; but let him come,
It warmes the very ſickneſſe in my heart,
That I ſhall liue and tell him to his teeth;
Thus diddeſt thou.

Kin. If it be ſo *Laertes*, as how ſhould it be ſo:
How otherwiſe will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. If ſo you'l not o'rerule me to a peace.

Kin. To thine owne peace: if he be now return'd,
As checking at his Voyage, and that he meanes
No more to vndertake it; I will worke him
To an exployt now ripe in my Deuice,
Vnder the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall;
And for his death no winde of blame ſhall breath,
But euen his Mother ſhall vncharge the practice,
And call it accident: Some two Monthes hence
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*,
I'ue ſeene my ſelfe, and ſerv'd againſt the French,
And they ran well on Horſebacke; but this Gallant

Had

Had witchcraft in't; he grew into his Seat,
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his Horſe,
As had he beene encorps't and demy-Natur'd
With the braue Beaſt, ſo farre he paſt my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and trickes,
Come ſhort of what he did.
Laer. A Norman was't?
Kin. A Norman.
Laer. Vpon my life *Lamound.*
Kin. The very ſame.
Laer. I know him well, he is the Brooch indeed,
And Iemme of all our Nation.
Kin. Hee mad confeſſion of you,
And gaue you ſuch a Maſterly report,
For Art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your Rapier moſt eſpecially,
That he cryed out, t'would be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you Sir. This report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his Enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wiſh and begge,
Your ſodaine comming ore to play with him;
Now out of this.
Laer. Why out of this, my Lord?
Kin. Laertes was your Father deare to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why aske you this?
Kin. Not that I thinke you did not loue your Father,
But that I know Loue is begun by Time:
And that I ſee in paſſages of proofe,
Time qualifies the ſparke and fire of it:
Hamlet comes backe: what would you vndertake,
To ſhow your ſelfe your Fathers ſonne indeed,
More then in words?
Laer. To cut his throat i'th' Church.
Kin. No place indeed ſhould murder Sanctuarize;
Reuenge ſhould haue no bounds: but good *Laertes*
Will you doe this, keepe cloſe within your Chamber,
Hamlet return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
Wee'l put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gaue you, bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads, he being remiſſe,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriuing,
Will not peruſe the Foiles? So that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A Sword vnbaited, and in a paſſe of practice,
Requit him for your Father.
Laer. I will doo't,
And for that purpoſe Ile annoint my Sword:
I bought an Vnction of a Mountebanke
So mortall, I but dipt a knife in it,
Where it drawes blood, no Cataplaſme ſo rare,
Collected from all Simples that haue Vertue
Vnder the Moone, can ſaue the thing from death,
That is but ſcratcht withall: Ile touch my point,
With this contagion, that if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.
Kin Let's further thinke of this,
Weigh what conuenience both of time and meanes
May fit vs to our ſhape, if this ſhould faile;
And that our drift looke through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſaid; therefore this Proiect
Should haue a backe or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proofe: Soft, let me ſee
Wee'l make a ſolemne wager on your commings,
I ha't: when in your motion you are hot and dry,
As make your bowts more violent to the end,
And that he cals for drinke; Ile haue prepar'd him
A Challice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,
Our purpoſe may hold there; how ſweet Queene.

Enter Queene.

Queen. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,
So faſt they'l follow: your Siſter's drown'd *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! O where?
Queen. There is a Willow growes aſlant a Brooke,
That ſhewes his hore leaues in the glaſſie ſtreame:
There with fantaſticke Garlands did ſhe come,
Of Crow-flowers, Nettles, Dayſies, and long Purples,
That liberall Shepheards giue a groſſer name;
But our cold Maids doe Dead Mens Fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughes, her Coronet weeds
Clambring to hang; an enuious ſliuer broke,
When downe the weedy Trophies, and her ſelfe,
Fell in the weeping Brooke, her cloathes ſpred wide,
And Mermaid-like, a while they bore her vp,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her owne diſtreſſe,
Or like a creature Natiue, and indued
Vnto that Element: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heauy with her drinke,
Pul'd the poore wretch from her melodious buy,
To muddy death.
Laer. Alas then, is ſhe drown'd?
Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.
Laer. Too much of water haſt thou poore *Ophelia,*
And therefore I forbid my teares: but yet
It is our tricke, Nature her cuſtome holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone
The woman will be out: Adue my Lord,
I haue a ſpeech of fire, that faine would blaze,
But that this folly doubts it. *Exit.*
Kin. Let's follow, *Gertrude:*
How much I had to doe to calme his rage?
Now feare I this will giue it ſtart againe;
Therefore let's follow. *Exeunt.*

Enter two Clownes.

Clown. Is ſhe to bee buried in Chriſtian buriall, that wilfully ſeekes her owne ſaluation?
Other. I tell thee ſhe is, and therefore make her Graue ſtraight, the Crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it Chriſtian buriall.
Clo. How can that be, vnleſſe ſhe drowned her ſelfe in her owne defence?
Other. Why 'tis found ſo.
Clo. It muſt *be Se offendendo,* it cannot bee elſe: for heere lies the point; If I drowne my ſelfe wittingly, it argues an Act: and an Act hath three branches. It is an Act to doe and to performe; argall ſhe drown'd her ſelfe wittingly.
Other. Nay but heare you Goodman Deluer.
Clown. Giue me leaue; heere lies the water; good: heere ſtands the man; good: If the man goe to this water and drowne himſelfe; it is will he nill he, he goes; marke you that? But if the water come to him & drowne him; hee drownes not himſelfe. Argall, hee that is not guilty of his owne death, ſhortens not his owne life.
Other. But is this law?
Clo. I marry is't, Crowners Queſt Law.

Other. Will you ha the truth on't: if this had not beene a Gentlewoman, ſhee ſhould haue beene buried out of Chriſtian Buriall.

Clo. Why there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pitty that great folke ſhould haue countenance in this world to drowne or hang themſelues, more then their euen Chriſtian. Come, my Spade; there is no ancient Gentlemen, but Gardiners, Ditchers and Graue-makers; they hold vp *Adams* Profeſſion.

Other. Was he a Gentleman?

Clo. He was the firſt that euer bore Armes.

Other. Why he had none.

Clo. What, ar't a Heathen? how doſt thou vnderſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſayes *Adam* dig'd; could hee digge without Armes? Ile put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſſe thy ſelfe ———

Other. Go too.

Clo. What is he that builds ſtronger then either the Maſon, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

Other. The Gallowes maker; for that Frame outliues a thouſand Tenants.

Clo. I like thy wit well in good faith, the Gallowes does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that doe ill: now, thou doſt ill to ſay the Gallowes is built ſtronger then the Church: Argall, the Gallowes may doe well to thee. Too't againe, Come.

Other. Who builds ſtronger then a Maſon, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

Clo. I, tell me that, and vnyoake.

Other. Marry, now I can tell.

Clo. Too't.

Other. Maſſe, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio a farre off.

Clo. Cudgell thy braines no more about it; for your dull Aſſe will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are ask't this queſtion next, ſay a Graue-maker: the Houſes that he makes, laſts till Doomeſday: go, get thee to *Yaughan*, fetch me a ſtoupe of Liquor.

Sings.

In youth when I did loue, did loue,
me thought it was very ſweete:
To contract O the time for a my behoue,
O me thought there was nothing meete.

Ham. Ha's this fellow no feeling of his buſineſſe, that he ſings at Graue-making?

Hor. Cuſtome hath made it in him a property of eaſineſſe.

Ham. 'Tis ee'n ſo; the hand of little Imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clowne ſings.

But Age with his ſtealing ſteps
hath caught me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me intill the Land,
as if I had neuer beene ſuch.

Ham. That Scull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: how the knaue iowles it to th' grownd, as if it were *Caines* Iaw-bone, that did the firſt murther: It might be the Pate of a Polititian which this Aſſe o're Offices: one that could circumuent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my Lord.

Ham. Or of a Courtier, which could ſay, Good Morrow ſweet Lord: how doſt thou, good Lord? this might be my Lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my Lord ſuch a ones Horſe, when he meant to begge it; might it not?

Hor. I, my Lord.

Ham. Why ee'n ſo: and now my Lady Wormes, Chapleſſe, and knockt about the Mazard with a Sextons Spade; heere's fine Reuolution, if wee had the tricke to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at Loggets with 'em? mine ake to thinke on't.

Clowne ſings.

A Pickhaxe and a Spade, a Spade.
for and a ſhrowding-Sheete:
O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. There's another: why might not that bee the Scull of of a Lawyer? where be his Quiddits now? his Quillets? his Caſes? his Tenures, and his Tricks? why doe's he ſuffer this rude knaue now to knocke him about the Sconce with a dirty Shouell, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? hum. This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of Land, with his Statutes, his Recognizances, his Fines, his double Vouchers, his Recoueries: Is this the fine of his Fines, and the recouery of his Recoueries, to haue his fine Pate full of fine Dirt? will his Vouchers vouch him no more of his Purchaſes, and double ones too, then the length and breadth of a paire of Indentures? the very Conueyances of his Lands will hardly lye in this Boxe; and muſt the Inheritor himſelfe haue no more? ha?

Hor. Not a iot more, my Lord.

Ham. Is not Parchment made of Sheep-skinnes?

Hor. I my Lord, and of Calue-skinnes too.

Ham. They are Sheepe and Calues that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeake to this fellow: whoſe Graue's this Sir?

Clo. Mine Sir:

O a Pit of Clay for to be made,
for ſuch a Gueſt is meete.

Ham. I thinke it be thine indeed: for thou lieſt in't.

Clo. You lye out on't Sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I doe not lye in't; and yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lye in't, to be in't and ſay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quicke, therefore thou lyeſt.

Clo. 'Tis a quicke lye Sir, 'twill away againe from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou digge it for?

Clo. For no man Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clo. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clo. One that was a woman Sir; but reſt her Soule, ſhee's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knaue is? wee muſt ſpeake by the Carde, or equiuocation will vndoe vs: by the Lord *Horatio*, theſe three yeares I haue taken note of it, the Age is growne ſo picked, that the toe of the Peſant comes ſo neere the heeles of our Courtier, hee galls his Kibe. How long haſt thou been a Graue-maker?

Clo. Of all the dayes i'th' yeare, I came too't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'recame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clo. Cannot you tell that? euery foole can tell that: It was the very day, that young *Hamlet* was borne, hee that was mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. I marry, why was he ſent into England?

Clo. Why, becauſe he was mad; hee ſhall recouer his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Clo. 'Twill not be ſeene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very ſtrangely they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clo. Faith e'ene with looſing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin ſixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'ith' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Ifaith, if he be not rotten before he die(as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight yeare, or nine yeare. A Tanner will laſt you nine year e.

Ham. Why he, more then another?[1]

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now: this Scul, has laine in the earth three & twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clo. A whoreſon mad Fellowes it was;
Whoſe doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A peſtlence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'rd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was *Yoricks* Scull, the Kings leſter.

Ham. This?

Clo: E'ene that.

Ham. Let me ſee. Alas poore *Yorick*, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite Ieſt; of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung thoſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. VVhere be your Iibes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your flaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Rore? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopfalne? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'ene ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ene ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bunghole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: to curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a iot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likeliehood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (whereto he was conuerted) might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell?
Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keepe the winde away.
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a Wall, t'expell the winters flaw.
But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide; heere comes the King.

Enter King, Queene, Laertes, and a Coffin, with Lords attendant.

The Queene, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre inlarg'd.
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Flints, and Peebles, ſhould be thro wne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:
We ſhould prophane the ſeruice of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee(churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweets, to the ſweet farewell.
I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt(ſweet Maid)
And not t'haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,
Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:
Leaps in the graue.
Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o're top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule.

Ham. Thou prai'ſt not well
I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſeneſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Qu. *Hamlet, Hamlet.*

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vppon this Theme,
Vntill my eielids will no longer wag.

Qu. Oh my Sonne, what Theame?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; fortie thouſand Brothers
Could not(with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Qu. For loue of God forbeare him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.
Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't teare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Akers on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thoul't mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

Kin. This is meere Madneſſe:
And thus awhile the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:
What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I loud' you euer; but it is no matter:
Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. *Exit.*

Kin. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
Wee'l put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Worſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin
My ſea-gowne ſcarſt about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in fine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſeale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Oh royall knauery: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeuerall ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhoud be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leyſure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deuis'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statiſts doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire; and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruice: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earneſt Coniuration from the King,
As England was his faithfull Tributary,
As loue betweene them, as the Palme ſhould flouriſh,
As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland weare,
And ſtand a Comma 'tweene their amities,
And many ſuch like Aſſis of great charge,
That on the view and know of theſe Contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſſe,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſodaine death,
Not ſhriuing time allowed.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, euen in that was Heauen ordinate;
I had my fathers Signet in my Purſe,
Which was the Modell of that Daniſh Seale:
Folded the Writ vp in forme of the other,
Subſcrib'd it, gau't th' impreſſion, plac't it ſafely,
The changeling neuer knowne: Now, the next day
Was our Sea Fight, and what to this was ſement,
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſterne* and *Roſincrance*, go too't.

Ham. Why man, they did make loue to this imployment
They are not neere my Conſcience; their debate
Doth by their owne inſinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Betweene the paſſe, and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, thinkſt thee, ſtand me now vpon
He that hath kil'd my King, and whor'd my Mother,
Popt in betweene th'election and my hopes,
Throwne out his Angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch coozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arme? And is't not to be damn'd
To let this Canker of our nature come
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly knowne to him from England
What is the iſſue of the buſineſſe there.

Ham. It will be ſhort,
The *interim's* mine, and a mans life's no more
Then to ſay one: but I am very ſorry good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my ſelfe;
For by the image of my Cauſe, I ſee
The Portraiture of his; Ile count his fauours:
But ſure the brauery of his griefe did put me
Into a Towring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes heere?

Enter young Oſricke. (marke.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip is right welcome back to Den-

Ham. I humbly thank you Sir, doſt know this waterflie?

Hor. No my good Lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much Land, and fertile; let a Beaſt be Lord of Beaſts, and his Crib ſhall ſtand at the Kings Meſſe; 'tis a Chowgh; but as I ſaw ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if your friendſhip were at leyſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Maieſty.

Ham. I will receiue it with all diligence of ſpirit; put your Bonet to his right vſe, 'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thanke your Lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, beleeue mee 'tis very cold, the winde is Northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold my Lord indeed.

Ham. Mee thinkes it is very ſoultry, and hot for my Complexion.

Oſricke.

Ofr. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very ſoultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how: but my Lord, his Maieſty bad me ſignifie to you, that he ha's laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter.

Ham. I beſeech you remember.

Ofr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe in good faith: Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is at his weapon.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Ofr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Ofr. The ſir King ha's wag'd with him ſix Barbary Horſes, againſt the which he impon'd as I take it, ſixe French Rapiers and Poniards, with their aſſignes, as Girdle, Hangers or ſo: three of the Carriages infaith are very deare to fancy, very reſponſiue to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberall conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Ofr. The Carriages Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would bee more Germaine to the matter: If we could carry Cannon by our ſides; I would it might be Hangers till then; but on ſixe Barbary Horſes againſt ſixe French Swords: their Aſſignes, and three liberall conceited Carriages, that's the French but againſt the Daniſh; why is this impon'd as you call it?

Ofr. The King Sir, hath laid that in a dozen paſſes betweene you and him, hee ſhall not exceed you three hits; He hath one twelue for mine, and that would come to imediate tryall, if your Lordſhip would vouchſafe the Anſwere.

Ham. How if I anſwere no?

Ofr. I meane my Lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryall.

Ham. Sir, I will walke heere in the Hall; if it pleaſe his Maieſtie, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the Foyles bee brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe; I will win for him if I can: if not, Ile gaine nothing but my ſhame, and the odde hits.

Ofr. Shall I redeliuer you ee'n ſo?

Ham. To this effect Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your Lordſhip.

Ham. Yours, yours; hee does well to commend it himſelfe, there are no tongues elſe for's tongue.

Hor. This Lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did Complie with his Dugge before hee ſuck't it: thus had he and mine more of the ſame Beauy that I know the droſſie age dotes on; only got the tune of the time, and outward habite of encounter, a kinde of yeſty collection, which carries them through & through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and doe but blow them to their tryalls: the Bubbles are out.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my Lord.

Ham. I doe not thinke ſo, ſince he went into France, I haue beene in continuall practice; I ſhall winne at the oddes: but thou wouldeſt not thinke how all heere about my heart: but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kinde of gain-giuing as would perhaps trouble a woman.

Hor. If your minde diſlike any thing, obey. I will foreſtall their repaire hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defie Augury; there's a ſpeciall Prouidence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come: if it bee not to come, it will bee now: if it be not now; yet it will come; the readineſſe is all, ſince no man ha's ought of what he leaues. What is't to leaue betimes?

Enter King, Queene, Laertes and Lords, with other Attendants with Foyles, and Gauntlets, a Table and Flagons of Wine on it.

Kin. Come *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Giue me your pardon Sir, I'ue done you wrong,
But pardon't as you are a Gentleman.
This preſence knowes,
And you muſt needs haue heard how I am puniſht
With ſore diſtraction? What I haue done
That might your nature honour, and exception
Roughly awake, I heere proclaime was madneſſe:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes*? Neuer *Hamlet*.
If *Hamlet* from himſelfe be tane away:
And when he's not himſelfe, do's wrong *Laertes*,
Then *Hamlet* does it not, *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? His Madneſſe? If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the Faction that is wrong'd,
His madneſſe is poore *Hamlets* Enemy.
Sir, in this Audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd euill,
Free me ſo farre in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I haue ſhot mine Arrow o're the houſe,
And hurt my Mother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in Nature,
Whoſe motiue in this caſe ſhould ſtirre me moſt
To my Reuenge. But in my termes of Honor
I ſtand aloofe, and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder Maſters of knowne Honor,
I haue a voyce, and preſident of peace
To keepe my name vngorg'd. But till that time,
I do receiue your offer'd loue like loue,
And wil not wrong it.

Ham. I do embrace it freely,
And will this Brothers wager frankely play.
Giue vs the Foyles: Come on.

Laer. Come one for me.

Ham. Ile be your foile *Laertes*, in mine ignorance,
Your Skill ſhall like a Starre i'th'darkeſt night,
Sticke fiery off indeede.

Laer. You mocke me Sir.

Ham. No by this hand.

King. Giue them the Foyles yong *Oſricke*,
Couſen *Hamlet*, you know the wager.

Ham. Verie well my Lord,
Your Grace hath laide the oddes a'th'weaker ſide.

King. I do not feare it,
I haue ſeene you both:
But ſince he is better'd, we haue therefore oddes.

Laer. This is too heauy,
Let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well,
Theſe Foyles haue all a length. *Prepare to play.*

Oſricke. I my good Lord.

King. Set me the Stopes of wine vpon that Table:
If *Hamlet* giue the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordinance fire,
The King ſhal drinke to *Hamlets* better breath,
And in the Cup an vnion ſhal he throw
Richer then that, which foure ſucceſſiue Kings
In Denmarkes Crowne haue worne.

Giue

Giue me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpets ſpeake,
The Trumpet to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heauens, the Heauen to Earth,
Now the King drinkes to *Hamlet*. Come, begin,
And you the Iudges beare a wary eye.
Ham. Come on ſir.
Laer. Come on ſir. *They play.*
Ham. One.
Laer. No.
Ham. Iudgement.
Ofr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well : againe.
King. Stay, giue me drinke.
Hamlet, this Pearle is thine,
Here's to thy health. Giue him the cup,
Trumpets ſound, and ſhot goes off.
Ham. Ile play this bout firſt, ſet by a-while.
Come: Another hit; what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſſe.
King. Our Sonne ſhall win.
Qu. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Heere's a Napkin, rub thy browes,
The Queene Carowſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.
Ham. Good Madam.
King. Gertrude, do not drinke.
Qu. I will my Lord;
I pray you pardon me.
King. It is the poyſon'd Cup, it is too late.
Ham. I dare not drinke yet Madam,
By and by.
Qu. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. My Lord, Ile hit him now.
King. I do not thinke't.
Laer. And yet 'tis almoſt 'gainſt my conſcience.
Ham. Come for the third.
Laertes, you but dally,
I pray you paſſe with your beſt violence,
I am affear'd you make a wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? Come on. *Play.*
Ofr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Haue at you now.
In ſcuffling they change Rapiers.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay come, againe.
Ofr. Looke to the Queene there hoa.
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't my Lord?
Ofr. How is't *Laertes*?
Laer. Why as a Woodcocke
To mine Sprindge, *Ofricke*,
I am iuſtly kill'd with mine owne Treacherie.
Ham. How does the Queene?
King. She ſounds to ſee them bleede.
Qu. No, no, the drinke, the drinke.
Oh my deere *Hamlet*, the drinke, the drinke,
I am poyſon'd.
Ham. Oh Villany! How? Let the doore be lock'd.
Treacherie, ſeeke it out.
Laer. It is heere *Hamlet*.
Hamlet, thou art ſlaine,
No Medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee, there is not halfe an houre of life;
The Treacherous Inſtrument is in thy hand,
Vnbated and envenom'd: the foule practiſe
Hath turn'd it ſelfe on me. Loe, heere I lye,
Neuer to riſe againe: Thy Mothers poyſon'd:
I can no more, the King, the King's too blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too,
Then venome to thy worke.
Hurts the King.
All. Treaſon, Treaſon.
King. O yet defend me Friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Heere thou inceſtuous, murdrous,
Damned Dane,
Drinke off this Potion: Is thy Vnion heere?
Follow my Mother. *King Dyes.*
Laer. He is iuſtly ſeru'd.
It is a poyſon temp'red by himſelfe:
Exchange forgiueneſſe with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Fathers death come not vpon thee,
Nor thine on me. *Dyes.*
Ham. Heauen make thee free of it, I follow thee.
I am dead *Horatio*, wretched Queene adiew,
You that looke pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but Mutes or audience to this acte:
Had I but time (as this fell Sergeant death
Is ſtrick'd in his Arreſt) oh I could tell you.
But let it be: *Horatio*, I am dead,
Thou liu'ſt, report me and my cauſes right
To the vnſatisfied.
Hor. Neuer beleeue it.
I am more an Antike Roman then a Dane:
Heere's yet ſome Liquor left.
Ham. As th'art a man, giue me the Cup.
Let go, by Heauen Ile haue't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
(Things ſtanding thus vnknowne) ſhall liue behind me.
If thou did'ſt euer hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicitie awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in paine,
To tell my Storie.
March afarre off, and ſhout within.
What warlike noyſe is this?

Enter Ofricke.

Ofr. Yong *Fortinbras*, with conqueſt come frõ Poland
To th'Ambaſſadors of England giues rhis warlike volly.
Ham. O I dye *Horatio:*
The potent poyſon quite ore-crowes my ſpirit,
I cannot liue to heare the Newes from England,
But I do propheſie th'election lights
On *Fortinbras*, he ha's my dying voyce,
So tell him with the occurrents more and leſſe,
Which haue ſolicited. The reſt is ſilence. O,o,o,o. *Dyes*
Hora. Now cracke a Noble heart:
Goodnight ſweet Prince,
And flights of Angels ſing thee to thy reſt,
Why do's the Drumme come hither?

Enter Fortinbras and Engliſh Ambaſſador, with Drumme, Colours, and Attendants.

Fortin. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it ye would ſee;
If ought of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
For. His quarry cries on hauocke. Oh proud death,
What feaſt is toward in thine eternall Cell.
That thou ſo many Princes, at a ſhoote,
So bloodily haſt ſtrooke.
Amb. The ſight is diſmall,
And our affaires from England come too late,
The eares are ſenſeleſſe that ſhould giue vs hearing,
To tell him his comma nd'ment is fulfill'd,
That

That *Roſincrance* and *Guildenſterne* are dead:
Where ſhould we haue our thankes?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th'abilitie of life to thanke you:
He neuer gaue command'ment for their death.
But ſince ſo iumpe vpon this bloodie queſtion,
You from the Polake warres, and you from England
Are heere arriued. Giue order that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeake to th'yet vnknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you heare
Of carnall, bloudie, and vnnaturall acts,
Of accidentall iudgements, caſuall ſlaughters
Of death's put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe,
And in this vpſhot, purpoſes miſtooke,
Falne on the Inuentors heads. All this can I
Truly deliuer.
For. Let vs haſt to heare it,
And call the Nobleſt to the Audience.
For me, with ſorrow, I embrace my Fortune,
I haue ſome Rites of memory in this Kingdome,
Which are ro claime, my vantage doth
Inuite me,
Hor. Of that I ſhall haue alwayes cauſe to ſpeake,
And from his mouth
Whoſe voyce will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Euen whiles mens mindes are wilde,
Leſt more miſchance
On plots, and errors happen.
For. Let foure Captaines
Beare *Hamlet* like a Soldier to the Stage,
For he was likely, had he beene put on
To haue prou'd moſt royally:
And for his paſſage,
The Souldiours Muſicke, and the rites of Warre
Speake lowdly for him.
Take vp the body; Such a ſight as this
Becomes the Field, but heere ſhewes much amis.
Go, bid the Souldiers ſhoote.

Exeunt Marching: after the which, a Peale of Ordenance are ſhot off.

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